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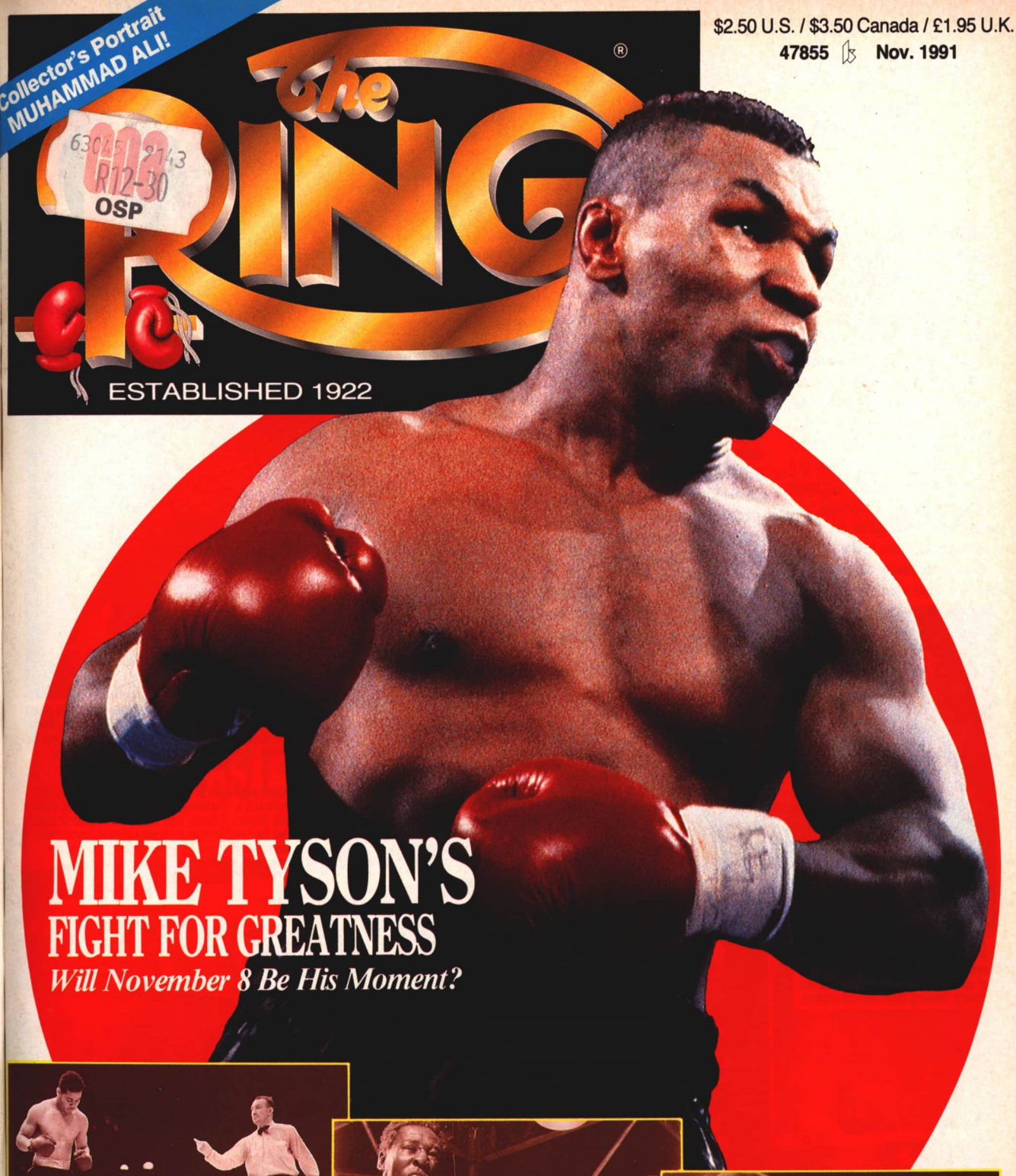
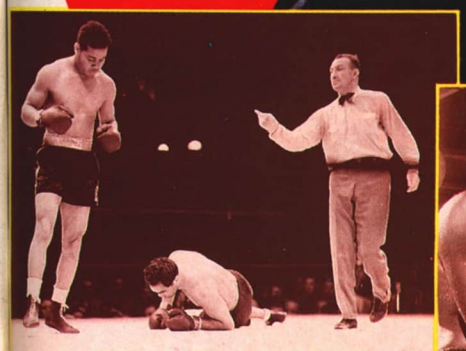


MIKE TYSON'S FIGHT FOR GREATNESS

Will November 8 Be His Moment?



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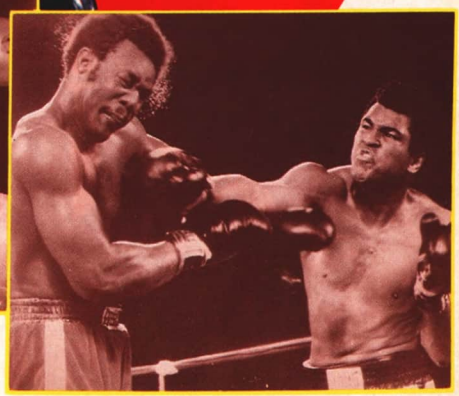

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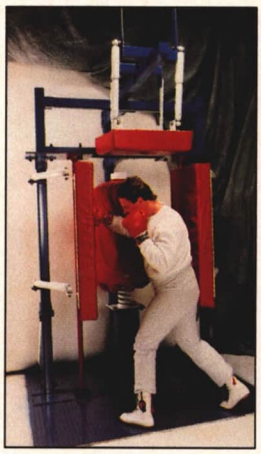

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Ringside

Mike Tyson, 215 pounds, black, and from Brooklyn, USA, and Jeff Fenech, 130 pounds, white, and from Sydney, Australia, have a lot more in common than appearances might indicate. Urchins of the streets, they fight as if risking their next meal. Even when most relaxed, these champions are defined by the intensity that burns through their skin. That I find several similarities between the two would, I'm sure, please both almost as much as a first-round knockout.

In the street, put Tyson and Fenech on my side and I'll take on the skull-and-bones gang of your choice. These two, however, generally confine their fighting to the ring, where there are rules and judges and referees that invariably interfere with the violence at hand. Despite these annoyances, Tyson and Fenech have excelled, winning the biggest prizes boxing can offer.

In late-June, Tyson and Fenech fought on the same card for the first time. Neither was able to flaunt a championship belt, which, given the special place each is surely going to secure in the annals of the ring, qualifies as a quirk of timing. Fenech thought he had rectified that oddity by smothering WBC super featherweight champion Azumah Nelson in his characteristically inspired, frenetic manner. It was plain that the Aussie had imposed his will, but two of the judges, Dave Moretti and Miguel Donate (yes, they should be named again and again, so reprehensible was their poor judgment), cheated him of what he had earned. Tyson, who broke Razor Ruddock slowly and with joy, was more fortunate, perhaps because the relative deliberateness of heavyweights' punches makes it easier to judge their fights.

No matter; both will try for world titles in their next bouts. When Tyson challenges Evander Holyfield in November, he will be risking more than his rival. Such is the burden of a favorite. But it is a fight the former champion needs as much as wants.

For his part, Fenech will likely rematch with Nelson, a prospect that, I presume, doesn't thrill the champion. After all, Fenech is not the type of fighter you wear for 12 rounds and then call for again. Bet on the challenger to triumph this time, and then seek a fifth world title at lightweight. The draw with Nelson could prove to be a minor setback.

It would be fitting if, on November 8, Tyson and Fenech are again placed side by side, brothers of blood in battle, victorious in a most glorious way.

Steve Farhood
Editor-In-Chief

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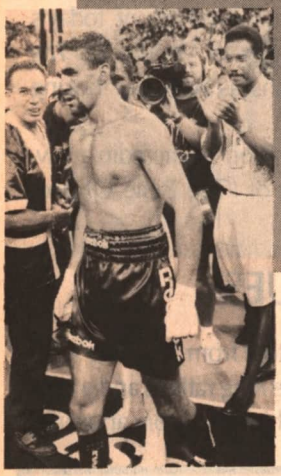
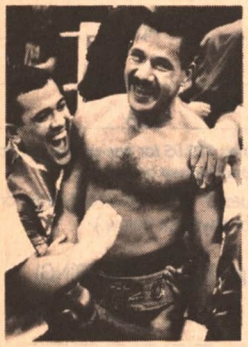


Fenech: Feeling cheated

Tiger vs. Rocky Rivero



Rosario: On top again

THE FENECH ROBBERY

When the decision of the Azumah Nelson-Jeff Fenech fight was announced, I was thoroughly appalled. Never at an international level have I seen such a miscarriage of justice. Over the last 10 years boxing has steadily declined. What once was the greatest sport known to man is now corrupt and has reached a laughable all-time low. Bring on the WWF.

PAUL LAZZATI
Baltimore, MD

I watched the Tyson-Ruddock pay-per-view card with five friends. Being the only hard-core fight fan, I was asked my opinion after the Azumah Nelson-Jeff Fenech fight. I said I had Fenech ahead by six points, and that there was no way he could lose the decision.

When the fight was declared a draw, I was made to look like an ass. My friends were angry and discouraged by the scoring, and they said they would never again pay money to watch boxing. To them, the sweet science is nothing but a hoax. I suggest a column per month reviewing the judging of fights. Keeping such pressure on incompetent officials might be the only way to bring fairness and respectability back to the sport.

JAMES BLANCHARD
Brewer, ME

PAY-PER-VIEW

Pay-per-view is causing a big problem among boxing fans. The Super Bowl, the NBA finals, and the World Series are televised on free TV. But in order to see a major fight, you have to pay $30 and up. This is very annoying.

If a large percentage of the public decides not to order the fight, it isn't because they don't want to see it. They *all* want to see it! The problem is that boxing fans have to eat and pay the bills just like everybody else. We are living in an age when food and rent are so expensive that people have to struggle to make ends meet. The last thing they want to do is look at a cable-TV bill that costs $60.

If a Tyson-Holyfield bout was televised on free TV, or even basic cable, millions of fans would tune in and the ratings would fly through the roof. This would bring boxing back to sanity.

ERIC MESSINGER
Panorama City, CA

TIGER VS. HEARNS

I read the "Battle Of The Legends" in your June 1991 issue, pitting middleweights Dick Tiger and Thomas Hearns. It was an unfair evaluation of the matchup because of the prejudice of the panelists. Mel Greb, Joey Giardello, and Mickey Duff all picked Tiger. I wonder why. Greb promoted Tiger, Giardello fought him three times, and Duff made matches for him. Giardello especially showed his bias when he said that Tiger would have cleaned up against today's middleweights. Of course he would say that; it makes him look good since he beat Tiger twice.

I think Hearns would have easily beaten Tiger. Hopefully, in the future you will select neutral panelists for "Battle Of The Legends."

KEN DYER
Bucyrus, OH

COMEBACK CHAMPS

As an avid boxing fan, I really appreciate when fighters who are thought to be washed up come back and win a big fight or a championship. With their courage and determination, such fighters epitomize the essence of boxing. They offer inspiration, and they renew my interest in the greatest sport of all. A salute to the following boxers: Bobby Czyz, Edwin Rosario, Greg Richardson, Terrence Alli, and Thomas Hearns.

JOSE R. PEREZ
Joliet, IL ■

November 1991 Volume 70, No. 11

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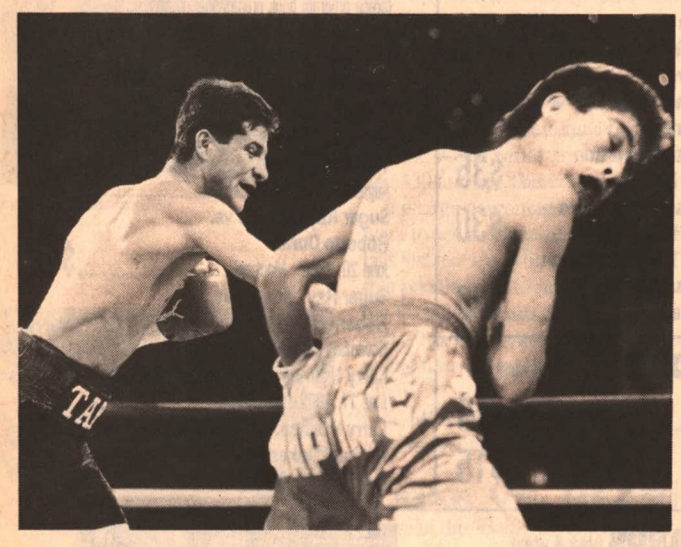


Tapia slugs Jose Montiel

TAPPING OUT

Last October, Johnny Tapia, 21-0-1 (12), defeated Santiago Caballero to retain the USBA 115-pound crown. A world title fight seemed within reach. But a promising career came to a sudden halt less than a month later when Tapia failed a drug test and admitted to cocaine use.

Since then, Tapia has become reclusive, living in a guarded apartment complex in his hometown of Albuquerque, New Mexico. He is tested for drugs on a weekly basis, and has pulled out of three scheduled bouts, complaining of a bronchial condition. Matchmakers have stopped trying to arrange fights for him, and his manager, Paul Chavez, has told him not to talk to the media. Chavez' advice probably wasn't necessary; in recent months, Tapia has had his phone number changed three times.

"Please, please, please, lay off Johnny," Chavez told the *Albuquerque Tribune*. "I'm his manager, and I'll decide when he talks."

Tapia, who says he cries himself to sleep, is seemingly undergoing an identity crisis.

"No more Mr. Nice Guy," he told the *Tribune*. "I used to be polite. Now I just want to get in the ring and hurt somebody because I've been hurt."

By his own worst enemy: himself.

—Jody Schwartz

REWRITING HISTORY

The fastest kayo in boxing history was scored on June 19 by junior middleweight Paul Rees, who stopped Charlie Hansen in Brisbane, Australia. Scheduled for four rounds, the bout lasted five seconds.

The fighters exchanged one set of blows before Hansen complained of double vision to referee Alan Simpson, who immediately waved the fight over.

"There was no way I could let him continue," Simpson explained.

The ringside doctor diagnosed Hansen as having suffered a scratched eyeball.

It was undetermined which fighter was ahead at the time of the stoppage.

THE RING IN JEOPARDY!

It was the evening of May 28, and there it was, the $600 answer in the "Magazines" category on Double Jeopardy: *In 1922, Nat Fleischer founded this sports magazine that's still making the "rounds" today.*

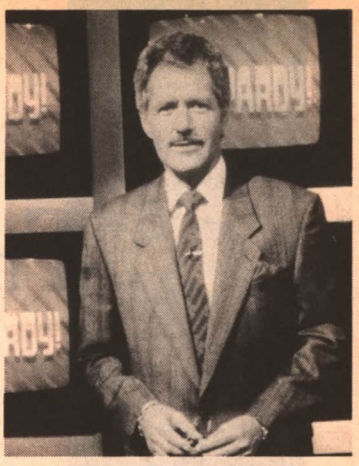
The question, of course, was "What is *The Ring* magazine."

Jeopardy! is the most successful quiz show in television history, so it makes sense that the show's writers would include an answer and question about the most successful magazine in boxing history.

The only bad news: It took the contestants two tries to come up with the correct answer. The first player to ring in promptly lost $600 when he suggested that the magazine had something to do with golf.

Guess he wasn't a subscriber.

—Steve Farhood



Jeopardy's Alex Trebek

STRUCTURAL DEFICIENCY

Not long ago, a group of baseball fans, angered by talk of the Detroit Tigers building a new ballpark and razing Tiger Stadium, joined hands outside their aging shrine and symbolically embraced it. If boxing fans took the same action to honor every historic fight

The Las Vegas Convention Center

venue that is either headed for extinction or has been flattened in the past year, it would look like a sequel to "Hands Across America."

Chicago's original Comiskey Park, where Joe Louis won the heavyweight crown by stopping James J. Braddock in 1937, is currently being demolished, and Tiger Stadium seems certain to go now that the ballclub has rejected a proposal for renovation. When the Motown institution was known as Briggs Stadium, it played host to, among other big fights, Jake LaMotta's capturing of the middleweight title from Marcel Cerdan in 1949.

The City of Philadelphia plans to build a new arena for hockey's Flyers and basketball's 76ers, and to make room for the building, aging JFK Stadium will be torn down. Not everyone remembers that JFK was once called Municipal Stadium, and was the site of Rocky Marciano's picturesque kayo of heavyweight champion Jersey Joe Walcott in 1952.

The passing of that trio of historic fight sites would be bad enough, but the three-knockdown rule has apparently been waived. While in Las Vegas in June, I was surprised to notice something missing from the Las Vegas Convention Center complex. The giant flying saucer of an arena, the site's centerpiece, had been dismantled to make room for a new building.

Before the casino-hotels became active boxing players, most big fights in Vegas were staged in the saucer. They included Sonny Liston-Floyd Patterson II, Muhammad Ali-Patterson I, Ali-Joe Bugner I, Ali-Jerry Quarry II, and Ali-Ron Lyle. A new building will replace the old one, leaving us once again with only yellow newspaper clippings and our memories.

Memories of a time when big fights played in stadiums and arenas, not casino parking lots, and the only wrecking balls in sight were named Sonny, Muhammad, and The Rock.

—Jeff Ryan

OUTSIDE THE ROPES

Cherif Hamia

In Stockholm, Sweden, former IBF cruiserweight challenger Patrick Lumumba was sentenced to eight years in prison for arson . . . All is not golden in the Goossen family. Pat Goossen, who helped form the Ten Goose operation in the early-'80s, says, "I haven't talked to [brothers] Dan and Joe in four years, and they live two miles from here." Pat, a former pro welterweight, had a falling out with his brothers and has begun his own stable, named G-Force, featuring his sons, P.J. and Chuck . . . Former middleweight champion Joey Giardello, the subject of a feature story on page 32, is being honored at a dinner in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, on September 21, benefiting St. John of God Community Services. For information, write to St. John of God, 136 Winding Lane, PO Box 2118, Cinnaminson, NJ 08077 . . . Legendary manager Irving Cohen, 87, died at his home in Scottsdale, Arizona. Among others, Cohen guided Rocky Graziano and Billy Graham . . . The WBC has asked its middleweight champion, Julian Jackson, to present evidence as to why he should be allowed to continue fighting. Jackson has had retinal surgery on both eyes . . . From Ray Mitchell, *The Ring's* longtime correspondent in Australia: Former world bantamweight champion Vic Toweel, 63, a South African who moved to Australia about a year ago, had surgery in July to remove a kidney, which was then transplanted to his 15-year-old grandson, Victor. Mitchell reports that both Toweels are doing well . . . In June, former European featherweight champion Cherif Hamia died in Paris of a heart attack at age 60. Hamia, who was born in Algeria, squared off with Hogan Bassey for the vacant world 126-pound title in June 1957. He was stopped in the 10th round . . . Also in June, Canadian welterweight Jamie Ollenberger, 31, died in Vancouver from injuries sustained in a car crash. ■

The Ring Ratings

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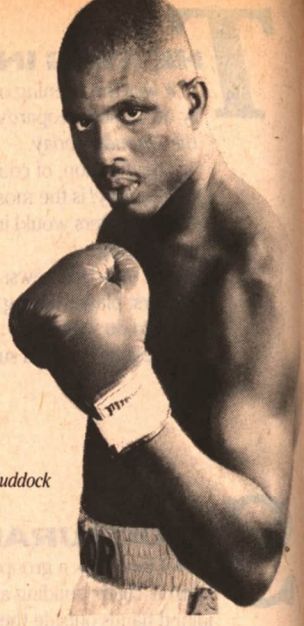
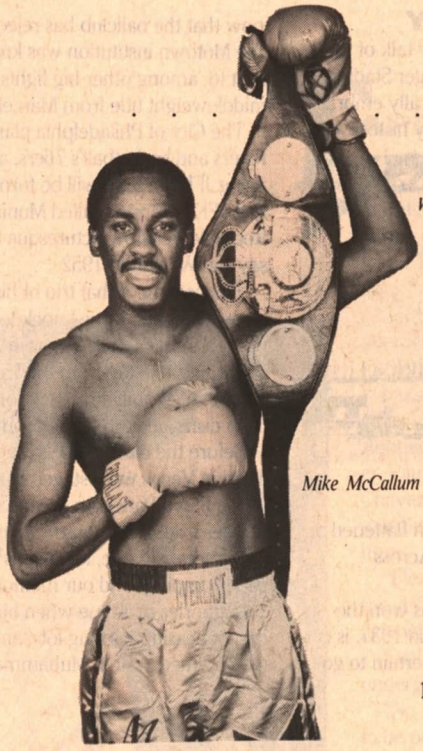


Razor Ruddock



Mike McCallum

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Records Compiled By Eric Armit

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 160 pounds

1 **MIKE McCALLUM**
Brooklyn, NY *40-1 (WBA Champ)*

2 **JAMES TONEY**
Ann Arbor, MI *27-0-1 (IBF Champ)*

3 **JULIAN JACKSON**
Virgin Islands *41-1 (WBC Champ)*

4 **MICHAEL NUNN**
Davenport, IA *36-1*

5 **SUMBU KALAMBAY**
Italy *51-5-1*

6 **CHRIS EUBANK**
England *28-0*

7 **STEVE COLLINS**
Brockton, MA *20-1*

8 **MICHAEL WATSON**
England *25-3-1*

9 **NIGEL BENN**
England *29-2*

10 **REGGIE JOHNSON**
Houston, TX *29-2-1*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 154 pounds

1 **TERRY NORRIS**
Mission Valley, CA *28-3 (WBC Champ)*

2 **GILBERT DELE**
France *28-0-1 (WBA Champ)*

3 **GIANFRANCO ROSI**
Italy *52-3 (IBF Champ)*

4 **JOHN DAVID JACKSON**
Tucson, AZ *23-0*

5 **JORGE CASTRO**
Argentina *59-2-2*

6 **TYRONE TRICE**
Milwaukee, WI *38-3*

7 **AARON DAVIS**
Bronx, NY *32-1*

8 **JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ**
Argentina *31-1*

9 **MARK BRELAND**
Teaneck, NJ *30-2-1*

10 **VINNY PAZIENZA**
Cranston, RI *30-5*

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 126 pounds

1 **MARCOS VILLASANA**
Mexico *52-7-2 (WBC Champ)*

2 **TROY DORSEY**
Mansfield, TX *13-3-4 (IBF Champ)*

3 **YUNG KYUN PARK**
South Korea *19-1-1 (WBA Champ)*

4 **LOUIE ESPINOZA**
Phoenix, AZ *41-4-2*

5 **ANTONIO ESPARRAGOZA**
Venezuela *30-2-4*

6 **MAURIZIO STECCA**
Italy *43-1*

7 **RICARDO CEPEDA**
Bronx, NY *23-0-1*

8 **RAFAEL RUELAS**
Arleta, CA *27-0*

9 **ELOY ROJAS**
Venezuela *22-0*

10 **TOM JOHNSON**
Detroit, MI *24-1-1*

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 122 pounds

1 **JESSE BENAVIDES**
Corpus Christi, TX *34-1*

2 **WELCOME NCITA**
South Africa *29-0 (IBF Champ)*

3 **LUIS MENDOZA**
Colombia *32-2-2 (WBA Champ)*

4 **DANIEL ZARAGOZA**
Mexico *42-5-1 (WBC Champ)*

5 **KIYOSHI HATANAKA**
Japan *22-2-1*

6 **JESUS SALUD**
San Diego, CA *38-4*

7 **PEDRO DECIMA**
Argentina *26-3*

8 **TRACY PATTERSON**
New Paltz, NY *41-2*

9 **BABY SUGAR ROJAS**
Colombia *34-4-1*

10 **JEMAL HINTON**
District Heights, MD *18-0*

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 118 pounds

1 **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
Laredo, TX *28-1-1 (IBF Champ)*

2 **GREG RICHARDSON**
Youngstown, OH *29-3 (WBC Champ)*

3 **LUISITO ESPINOSA**
Philippines *25-5 (WBA Champ)*

4 **RAUL PEREZ**
Mexico *48-2-2*

5 **PEPILLO VALDEZ**
Mexico *39-3-1*

6 **ISRAEL CONTRERAS**
Venezuela *33-2-1*

7 **DUKE McKENZIE**
England *29-2*

8 **YONG HOON LEE**
South Korea *18-0*

9 **THIERRY JACOB**
France *30-3*

10 **EDDIE COOK**
Las Vegas, NV *15-0*

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1 **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**
Atlanta, GA *25-0 (World Champ)*

2 **MIKE TYSON**
Catskill, NY *41-1*

3 **RIDDICK BOWE**
Brooklyn, NY *22-0*

4 **RAZOR RUDDOCK**
Canada *25-3-1*

5 **TIM WITHERSPOON**
Philadelphia, PA *34-3*

6 **RAY MERCER**
Newark, NJ *17-0*

7 **GEORGE FOREMAN**
Marshall, TX *69-3*

8 **TONY TUCKER**
Beverly Hills, CA *41-1*

9 **LENNOX LEWIS**
England *16-0*

10 **PIERRE COETZER**
South Africa *36-2*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 195 pounds

1 **JEFF LAMPKIN**
Youngstown, OH *35-13-1 (IBF Champ)*

2 **BOBBY CZYZ**
Montgomery, NJ *38-5 (WBA Champ)*

3 **TAOUFIK BELBOULI**
France *29-1-1*

4 **ROBERT DANIELS**
Miami, FL *17-2-1*

5 **ALFRED COLE**
Newark, NJ *17-1*

6 **MASSIMILIANO DURAN**
Italy *18-0 (WBC Champ)*

7 **ANACLET WAMBA**
France *29-2*

8 **JOHNNY NELSON**
England *21-5-1*

9 **DWIGHT QAWI**
Lindenwold, NJ *35-8-1*

10 **JAMES WARRING**
Miami, FL *11-1*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1 **THOMAS HEARNS**
Detroit, MI *50-3-1 (WBA Champ)*

2 **PRINCE CHARLES WILLIAMS**
Mansfield, OH *30-4-2 (IBF Champ)*

3 **VIRGIL HILL**
Las Vegas, NV *30-1*

4 **DENNIS ANDRIES**
Detroit, MI *39-8-2 (WBC Champ)*

5 **JEFF HARDING**
Australia *20-1*

6 **GRACIANO ROCCHIGIANI**
Germany *31-0*

7 **FRANK TATE**
Houston, TX *28-2*

8 **ANDREW MAYNARD**
Laurel, MD *17-1*

9 **ANTHONY HEMBRICK**
Beckley, WV *20-1-1*

10 **LEEONZER BARBER**
Detroit, MI *12-1*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1 **VICTOR CORDOBA**
N. Ireland *15-2 (WBA Champ)*

2 **DARRIN VAN HORN**
Lexington, KY *46-2 (IBF Champ)*

3 **CHRISTOPHE TIOZZO**
France *28-1*

4 **LINDELL HOLMES**
Detroit, MI *44-6-1*

5 **TONY BYRD**
Los Angeles, CA *18-2-1*

6 **MAURO GALVANO**
Italy *16-1-2 (WBC Champ)*

7 **TONY THORNTON**
Glassboro, NJ *28-4-1*

8 **MERQUI SOSA**
New York, NY *19-2*

9 **TARMO UUSIVIRTA**
Finland *23-3-3*

10 **JAMES COOK**
England *17-8*

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 147 pounds

1 **MELDRICK TAYLOR**
Cheltenham, PA *27-1-1 (WBA Champ)*

2 **SIMON BROWN**
Germantown, MD *34-1 (WBC Champ)*

3 **BUDDY McGIRT**
Brentwood, NY *53-2-1*

4 **MAURICE BLOCKER**
Germantown, MD *32-2*

5 **GLENWOOD BROWN**
Plainfield, NJ *33-1*

6 **LONNIE SMITH**
Denver, CO *29-2-1*

7 **GENARO LEON**
Mexico *37-2-2*

8 **CRISANTO ESPANA**
N. Ireland *23-0*

9 **HIROYUKI YOSHINO**
Japan *19-3-1*

10 **SANTOS CARDONA**
Puerto Rico *21-3*

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 140 pounds

1 **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
Mexico *75-0 (WBC Champ)*

2 **ROGER MAYWEATHER**
Las Vegas, NV *40-6*

3 **EDWIN ROSARIO**
Puerto Rico *37-4 (WBA Champ)*

4 **TERRENCE ALLI**
Linden, NJ *47-7-2*

5 **CHARLES MURRAY**
Newark, NJ *21-1*

6 **HECTOR CAMACHO**
Big Cypress, FL *39-1*

7 **GREG HAUGEN**
Henderson, NV *28-4-1*

8 **LORETO GARZA**
Sacramento, CA *28-2-1*

9 **JUAN COGGI**
Argentina *50-2-2*

10 **PAT BARRETT**
England *30-1-1*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 135 pounds

1 **PERNELL WHITAKER**
Norfolk, VA *25-1 (World Champ)*

2 **FREDDIE PENDLETON**
Miami, FL *30-17-3*

3 **JORGE PAEZ**
Mexico *39-3-4*

4 **TRACY SPANN**
Plainfield, NJ *26-1*

5 **JUAN NAZARIO**
Puerto Rico *22-3*

6 **POLI DIAZ**
Spain *31-0*

7 **ANTHONY JONES**
Detroit, MI *29-3-1*

8 **PEDRO SANCHEZ**
New York, NY *20-0-1*

9 **DARRYL TYSON**
Washington, D.C. *34-4*

10 **SHARMBA MITCHELL**
Takoma Park, MD *23-0*

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 130 pounds

1 **JEFF FENECH**
Australia *25-0-1*

2 **AZUMAH NELSON**
Ghana *33-2-1 (WBC Champ)*

3 **TONY LOPEZ**
Sacramento, CA *37-2-1 (IBF Champ)*

4 **BRIAN MITCHELL**
South Africa *42-1-3*

5 **JOEY GAMACHE**
Lewiston, ME *25-0 (WBA Champ)*

6 **JOHN-JOHN MOLINA**
Puerto Rico *22-3*

7 **GENARO HERNANDEZ**
Los Angeles, CA *23-0*

8 **DANIEL LONDAS**
France *55-7-1*

9 **GABRIEL RUELAS**
Arleta, CA *23-1*

10 **REGILIO TUUR**
Whitestone, NY *22-1-1*

Regilio Tuur

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 115 pounds

1 **KHAOSAI GALAXY**
Thailand *47-1 (WBA Champ)*

2 **ROBERT QUIROGA**
San Antonio, TX *18-0 (IBF Champ)*

3 **SUNG KIL MOON**
South Korea *14-1 (WBC Champ)*

4 **JOSE RUIZ**
Puerto Rico *20-2*

5 **THALERNSAK SITHBAOBEY**
Thailand *35-2*

6 **NANA KONADU**
Ghana *19-2-1*

7 **JOHNNY TAPIA**
Albuquerque, NM *21-0-1*

8 **DAVID GRIMAN**
Venezuela *11-0*

9 **ARMANDO CASTRO**
Mexico *42-8-1*

10 **VINCENZO BELCASTRO**
Italy *20-5-3*

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 112 pounds

1 **MUANGCHAI KITTIKASEM**
Thailand *14-1 (WBC Champ)*

2 **DAVE McAULEY**
Ireland *17-2-2 (IBF Champ)*

3 **YONG KANG KIM**
South Korea *23-3 (WBA Champ)*

4 **RODOLFO BLANCO**
Colombia *26-6-1*

5 **SOT CHITALADA**
Thailand *24-3-1*

6 **JUNG KOO CHANG**
South Korea *38-4*

7 **YURI ARBACHAKOV**
Soviet Union *7-0*

8 **YUN UN CHIN**
South Korea *24-0*

9 **YSAIAS ZAMUDIO**
Blythe, CA *23-3-1*

10 **SCOTTY OLSON**
Las Vegas, NV *15-0*

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 108 pounds

1 **MYUNG WOO YUH**
South Korea *36-0 (WBA Champ)*

2 **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
Phoenix, AZ *20-0 (IBF Champ)*

3 **HUMBERTO GONZALEZ**
Mexico *31-1 (WBC Champ)*

4 **MELCHOR COB CASTRO**
Mexico *29-3-3*

5 **HIROKI IOKA**
Japan *18-2-1*

6 **ROLANDO PASCUA**
Philippines *25-6*

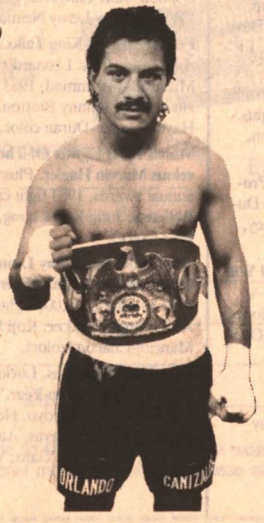
7 **DOMINGO SOSA**
Dominican Republic *16-0*

8 **LEON SALAZAR**
Panama *15-3-1*

9 **JOSE DeJESUS**
Puerto Rico *26-2-1*

10 **JERRY PENALOSA**
Philippines *12-0-1*

Orlando Canizales



POUND FOR POUND
Boxing's 10 Best Fighters, Pound For Pound

1 **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
Junior Welterweight

2 **PERNELL WHITAKER**
Lightweight

3 **MELDRICK TAYLOR**
Welterweight

4 **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**
Heavyweight

5 **MIKE TYSON**
Heavyweight

6 **MYUNG WOO YUH**
Light Flyweight

7 **JEFF FENECH**
Junior Lightweight

8 **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
Bantamweight

9 **KHAOSAI GALAXY**
Junior Bantamweight

10 **SIMON BROWN**
Welterweight

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Jan. 1982: Exclusive Interview: Thomas Hearns—"I Shall Return." Plus: Tony Ayala, Gene Tunney, Tex Cobb, Roger Stafford, Holmes-Snipes, Pryor-Johnson.

Feb. 1982: Holmes-Cooney Program. Plus: Dwight Braxton pinup, Irish fighters, Muhammad Ali, Pedroza-Ballas.

June 1982: Aaron Pryor: How Good Is He? Plus: Jack Dempsey, Braxton-Saad, Sylvester Stallone, Hall of Fame (Jeffra, Blackburn, Arcel, Jabobs), Moore-Weir, Jiro Watanabe.

July 1982: Leonard: Is It All Over For Sugar Ray? Plus: Ray Mancini, Greg Page, first-round kayos, Jack Johnson, Ray Robinson, Mancini-Frias.

Aug. 1982: Cooney: Is He The Real McCoy? Plus: Sugar Ray Leonard pinup, Holmes-Cooney coverage, Howard Davis, British heavyweights, Larry Holmes, Limon-Navarette.

Sept. 1982: Leon Spinks: Boxing's Prodigal Son Returns To The Cruiserweights. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Sanchez-Nelson, Max Baer, Milton McCrory.

Nov. 1982: Special Pryor-Arguello Program. Plus: Earnie Shavers, Robeto Duran, Henry Armstrong, Gerry Cooney, LaPorte-Miranda.

Jan. 1983: Dwight Braxton: "How I Will Beat Spinks." Plus: Pryor-Arguello—Fight of the Year, Frank Fletcher, Rocky Marciano, Curry-Starling I, Hagler-Obel II.

Feb. 1983: Michael Dokes: Tainted Champion? Plus: Howard Cosell, Chacon-Limon, Mickey Walker, Ray Mancini.

March 1983: (104-Page Year-End Special)—Larry Holmes: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Donald Curry, Milton McCrory, history of featherweights.

April 1983: Randall "Tex" Cobb: Not Just Another Pretty Face. Plus: Hector Camacho, Hall of Fame (Monzon, Foster, Burley), Stanley Ketchel, Duran-Cuevas, Wilford Scypion.

May 1983: Michael Spinks Wins It All. Plus: Spinks-Braxton color, Bob Arum, Marvin Hagler, Collins-LaPaglia.

June 1983: What Now For Ray Mancini? Plus: Lupe Pintor, Tony Ayala, Mancini-Arguello color, Holmes-Teofilo Stevenson?, Jersey Joe Walcott, Jung-Koo Chang, Frazier-Broad.

July 1983: Jeff Chandler: The Best Fighter Nobody Knows. Plus: Sugar Ray Seales, Jack Dempsey, Bobby Chacon, Dokes-Weaver II, Holmes-Witherspoon, Paul Berlenbach.

Aug. 1983: Roberto Duran: One 'Mas' Time! Plus: After Holmes?, Colin Jones, Jimmy Montoya, Alexis Arguello, Billy Petrolle.

Sept. 1983: Exclusive: Sugar Ray Leonard Talks About His Past, Present, & Future. Plus: Hagler & Duran: 'How I'll Win The Fight,' Jaime Garza, Panama Lewis, Spinks-Mustafa-Muhammad, Bobo Olson, Jack Johnson, Mustafa Hamsho, Muniz-Chandler.

Oct. 1983: (104-Page Special)—Hagler-Duran Program. Plus: Best fighter poll, Who's who?, Jose Sulaiman, Billy McNeece, Marty Servo, Milton McCory, Collin Jones.

Nov. 1983: Gerrie Coetzee: The New Heavyweight Champ Sets His Sights On Holmes. Plus: Alexis Arguello, Murray Sutherland, James J. Braddock, Muhammad Ali.

Dec. 1983: Greg Page: 'Holmes Will Never Fight Me—He's A Chicken-Livered Coward!' Plus: Hagler-Duran, Tim Witherspoon, Jake LaMotta, Cedeno-Magri, "Winners" by Leroy Neiman.

Feb. 1984: Don King Talks And Talks And Talks. Plus: Leonard's return, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, 1983 quotes, Marvin Hagler, Johnny Bratton, Gerald Hayes, Hagler-Duran color.

March 1984: Fighter Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler. Plus: *The Ring's* annual awards, 1983 fight calender, Carl Williams, Jung-Koo Chang, Chandler-Ruiz (color).

April 1984: Sugar Ray Leonard: "I'm Gonna Be Better Than Ever!" Plus: *Ring's* ratings of 8,000 fighters, Henry Armstrong, Don Lee, Koji Kobayashi, Mancini-Chacon (color).

June 1984: Bumphus, Lockridge, Duva: 'That Championship Year.' Plus: Ferdie Pacheco, Harry Arroyo, Holmes-Coetzee preview, Pipino Cuevas, Aaron Pryor, Battling Nelson-Joe Gans, Witherspoon-Page.

July 1984: Bazooka's Aim Is True: Gomez Shoots Down LaPorte In The Battle For San Juan. Plus: Michael Spinks, Vinny Pazienza, Tyrone Crawley, Leonard's comback, Chandler-Sandoval, Hagler-Roldan.

Aug. 1984: *Ring* Olympic Special. Plus: Mark Breland, Sugar Ray Leonard, Frank Bruno, Bramble-Mancini (color), Hatcher-Bumphus (color).

Sept. 1984: The Scramble For Bramble: Livingstone's Wrapped Up In Being A Champion. Plus: Hearns-Duran, Rosario-Davis, Aaron Pryor, Eusebio Pedroza.

Oct. 1984: The Beast From The East: John Mugabi Strikes Terror In The Hearts Of Men. Plus: Bill Costello, nine gold medals, Don King, Davey Moore, memorabilia.

Dec. 1984: Hagler Hammers Hamsho. Plus: Barry McGuigan, James Broad, boxing's best, Julian Jackson, Thomas-Witherspoon.

Jan. 1985: Holmes-Bonecrusher Color Action. Plus: Gerry Cooney, pro debuts (Breland, Hill, Taylor, Biggs, Whitaker, Holyfield), Santos-Medal, Meza-Garza.

Feb. 1985: Showdown: Page Clobbers Coetzee For WBA Title. Plus: Larry Holmes, lightweights, Cooney-Chaplin, McCallum-Minchillo.

March 1985: Fighter Of The Year: Thomas 'Hit Man' Hearns. Plus: Year-end awards, Darrell-Estrada, Nelson-Gomez, Arroyo-Alli.

April 1985: Special Hagler-Hearns Program. Plus: British fighters, Hector Camacho, Donald Curry, British fighters, Sonny Liston.

May 1985: The Rematch In Reno: Bramble-Mancini Color Action. Plus: Donald Curry, Aaron Pryor, McGuigan-LaPorte.

June 1985: Holmes' Last Hurrah? Holmes-Bey Color Action. Plus: Holmes vs. all-time greats, Paul-Arroyo, 1901.

July 1985: Marvelous Marvin! Are There Any More Mountains To Climb? Plus: Hagler-Hearns, 10 greatest first rounds, Tyson (2-0) rates the heavys, Tubbs-Page.

Aug. 1985: Seven Elected To The Ring Hall Of Fame (Jose Napoles, Jake LaMotta, Panama Al Brown, Manuel Ortiz, Young Stribling, Thomas Jackling, Lord Lonsdale). Plus: Spinks-Holmes preview, Barry McGuigan.

Sept. 1985: Barry McGuigan: Can He Be Boxing's Savior? Plus: Carl Williams, Thomas-Weaver, Chavez-Mayweather I.

Oct. 1985: The "Macho Man" Rides Again. Plus: Dwight Muhammad Qawi, Camacho-Ramirez, Berbick-Green, Jeff Fenech, John E. Garcia, McCallum-Braxton.

Nov. 1985: Will Hagler Feast On The Beast? Plus: Hagler-Mugabi & Hearns-Shuler previews, Lonnie Smith, Pintor-Meza, Chuck Hull, Benitez-Moley.

Dec. 1985: Michael Spinks: Against All Odds. Plus: Curry-McCrory preview, McGuigan-Taylor, Alexis Arguello, Michael Olajide, Chavez-Pratchett.

Jan. 1986: In Search Of A Heavyweight Champion. Plus: Azumah Nelson, Arguello-Jefferson, Olympic update, Chicago boxing.

Feb. 1986: Mike Tyson: The Legacy Of Cus D'Amato. Plus: Rocky IV, Curry-McCrory, Teddy Mann, Kenny Lane.

March 1986: Co-Fighters Of The Year: Marvelous Marvin Hagler & Donald Curry. Plus: Special year-end awards, 1985 boxing diary, annual ratings, Evander Holyfield, Fenech-Coffee.

April 1986: Witherspoon Tames Tubbs For WBA Title. Plus: Dream fights, Greg Haugen, Tyrell Biggs, Mark Breland, Paul Gonzales, HBO tourney, Witherspoon-Tubbs, Frank Warren, Gene Tunney.

May 1986: Marvelous Marvin Tames The Beast. Plus: Hearns-Shuler, Mike Tyson, Bramble-Crawley, Sandoval-Canizales, Marvin Johnson, McGuigan-Cabrera, Arguello-Costello, Weaver-Williams.

June 1986: Barry's Back In The USA: McGuigan Breathes A Breath Of Fresh Air Into American Fight Scene. Plus: Bobby Czyz, Robbie Sims, Qawi-Holyfield preview, Berbick-Thomas, Bruno-Coetzee.

July 1986: Spinks-Holmes II: Who Really Won? Plus: Frank Bruno, Richie Sandoval, Kevin Watts, Tyson-Tillis, Boza-Edwards-Alli, Johnson-Burns.

Aug. 1986: Is Sugar Ray Still Sweet? Plus: Lloyd Honeyghan, Tyson-Green, Cooney-Gregg, Hall of Fame (Eder Jofre, Benny Lynch, Bud Taylor, Sam McVey, Nat Langham, John Chambers), Bernardo Pinango.

Sept. 1986: Gerry Cooney vs. Mike Tyson: Who Would Win? Plus: Cruz-McGuigan, Hearns-Medal, Tyson-Gross, Sims-Duran.

Oct. 1986: Marvelous Marvin: Can Anyone Fill His Shoes? Plus: Tim Witherspoon, Holyfield-Qawi, Panama's champions, Frankie Duarte, Tyson-Frazier.

Nov. 1986: Mike Tyson: History In The Making. Plus: Tyson-Berbick preview, Spinks, Paul Gonzales, Bobby Czyz, Tyson-Ratliff, McCallum-Jackson.

Dec. 1986: The Weekend That Shook Up The Boxing World. Plus: Rosario-Bramble, Honeyghan-Curry, Butch Lewis, Buster Drayton, Johnson-Emebe, Raging Bull II.

April 1987: Hagler-Leonard Souvenir Issue. Plus: Czyz, Orlando Canizales, Mugabi-Thomas, Biggs-Snipes, Chavez-La-Porte, Bonecrusher-Witherspoon II, Haugen-Paul.

May 1987: Mike Tyson: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Year-end awards, *The Ring* annual ratings, Louie Espinoza, Herol Graham.

June 1987: Vinny Paz: Phenom Or Phony? Plus: Tyson-Bonecrusher, Mark Breland, Brian Mitchell, Evander Holyfield, Czyz-Edwards, Olajide-Lee, Curry-Montgomery.

July 1987: Spinks-Cooney: The Fight That Refused To Die. Plus: The new *Ring* ratings, Terry Marsh, George Foreman's return, Khaosai Galaxy, Hearns-Andries, Whitaker-Mayweather.

Aug. 1987: Sugar Ray: Still In Style. Plus: Leonard-Hagler, all-time heavyweight ratings, Czyz-MacDonald, Camacho-Davis.

Sept. 1987: Michael Olajide: The Look Of The Future? Plus: Tyson-Thomas, Jeff Fenech, middleweight muddle, Tsuyoshi Hamada, Juan Roldan, Harold Knight.

Oct. 1987: Special Hall Of Fame Issue: Ali Elected Unanimously! Plus: Hall of Fame directory, Spinks-Cooney, Pazienza-Haugen II, Aaron Pryor.

Nov. 1987: Tyson Wins Heavyweight Triple-Crown. Plus: Triple-crown champs, Matthew Hilton, Carlos Monzon interview, McCallum-Curry.

Dec. 1987: Spinks & Lewis: Boxing's Beastie Boys. Plus: Starling-Breland, Ramzi Hassan, Honeyghan-Hatcher, Holyfield-Ocasio.

Jan. 1988: Darrin Van Horn—Million Dollar Baby? Plus: Evander Holyfield, Hill-Stewart, Juan Coggi, great hookers, AIDS.

Feb. 1988: Gold Outshines Glitter: Tate Tops Olajide. Plus: Tyson-Biggs, Kalambay-Barkley, Hearns-Roldan, fights we'd like to see.

March 1988: Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns: "Now I Own History." Plus: Chavez-Rosario, Roger Mayweather, Rocky Lockridge, bleeders, Bruno-Bugner, Fenech-Zarate, Tony Burton.

April 1988: Evander Holyfield: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Special year-end awards, Holyfield-Qawi II, Foreman-Sekorski, Hill-Angulo.

May 1988: George Foreman: "I Can Beat Tyson." Plus: Tyson-Holmes, Jesse Benavides, Showtime, no-knockout artists.

June 1988: Sugar Ray Robinson Still The Sweetest! Plus: All-time middleweight ratings, Larry Holmes, Louie Lomeli, McGirt-Warren II, Haugen-Pazienza II.

July 1988: Special Tyson-Spinks Preview Issue. Plus: Donald Trump interview, Honeyghan-Vaca II, Foreman-Qawi, Barkley-Olajide.

Aug. 1988: Julio Cesar Chavez: The Kid From Culiacan. Plus: Holyfield, bad decisions, Lockridge-Knight, Starling-Breland II, Brown-Trice, Haugen-Santana.

Sept. 1988: Sugar Ray: Here He Comes Again! Plus: Andries-Czyz, Kid Chocolate, Don Dunphy, Don Lalonde, Andries-Czyz.

Oct. 1988: Mike Tyson: What Price Glory? Plus: Tyson-Spinks, Hearns-Barkley, Davey Moore.

Nov. 1988: Donny Lalonde: "Sugar Ray is Out Of His Mind!" Plus: Hall of Fame selections (Carlos Ortiz, Joe Brown, Billy Graham, Cus D'Amato, Jimmy Jacobs), Nunn-Tate, Molinares-Starling, Honeyghan-Chung, '88 Olympians.

Dec. 1988: Mike Tyson Special. Plus: Leonard-Lalonde preview, Barry McGuigan, alphabet wars, Jeff Fenech, Mauro Mina, Meldrick Taylor.

Jan. 1989: Meldrick Taylor: Philly Phenom. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Alex Wallau, Taylor-McGirt, Olympic results.

Feb. 1989: Julio Cesar Chavez. Plus: Chavez-Ramirez, all-time lightweight ratings, Louie Espinoza, Simon Brown, Roger Mayweather.

March 1989: Hearns Next For Sugar Ray? Plus: Leonard-Lalonde, Prince Charles Williams, Hearns-Kinchen, Nunn-Roldan, Hines-Hilton.

May 1989: The Best Of '88. Plus: Year-end awards, Evander Holyfield, Pryor-Morales, Fenech-Navarro.

Jan. 1990: Boxing's Bible Reborn At Age 68. Plus: George Foreman (color), Mike Tyson, Carlos Monzon, Duran-Leonard III, LaMotta-Dauthuille.

Feb. 1990: Riddick Bowe/Ray Mercer Target . . . Tyson: Plus: The Olympians as pros (color), Bobby Czyz, Gerry Cooney, Wepner-Liston, Bobo Olson.

March 1990: The '80s—Great Fights, Great Fighters (color). Plus: Jeff Harding, Evander Holyfield, Pete Rademacher, Sharkey-McCoy.

April 1990: Pernell Whitaker—*The Ring* Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Chavez-Taylor preview, Leonard-Duran III, Tiger Flowers, Muhammad Ali.

May 1990: Big George Talks Tough! Plus: Archie Moore, Moore-Marciano (color), Grudge Wars, Kid Berg, Ike Williams-Alexis Arguello.

June 1990: Buster! How James Douglas Shocked The World. Plus: Michael Moorer, Camacho-Paez, Tommy Farr, Excuses, Dick Tiger, Ruben Olivares-Jeff Chandler.

July 1990: "I'm Hungrier Than Ever Before!" By Evander Holyfield. Plus: Muhammad Ali painting, Ali-Liston II, New York welters, Michael Carbajal, Jorge Paez, Kid Gavilan.

Aug. 1990: His Greatness Confirmed . . . Is Julio Cesar Chavez The Greatest Mexican Fighter Ever? Plus: Matthew Saad Muhammad, Sullivan & Tyson, Michael Nunn, Mark Breland, Harold Johnson, Louis-Godoy (color).

Sept. 1990: Marvin Hagler—Can He Resist The Irresistible Temptation? Plus: Thomas Hearns, Sanchez-Saddler, Paul Banke, puncher vs. chin, Beau Jack, Robinson-LaMotta (color).

Oct. 1990: Thanks For The Memories: Rocky Graziano, 1922-1990. Plus: Aaron Pryor, Mike Tyson, Napoles-Leonard, A Gathering Of Champions (color).

Nov. 1990: Tyson vs. Foreman: Can Iron Mike Stop The Blast From The Past? Plus: Marciano-LaStarza, boxing's best chins, Azumah Nelson, Sullivan-Kilrain (color).

Dec. 1990: Our Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Joe Grim, Douglas-Holyfield preview, Marciano-Frazier, Douglas-Tyson (color).

Jan. 1991: Boxing's Baddest Bad Boy: Nigel Benn Plays By His Own Rules. Plus: Roberto Duran, Kid Akeem, Jose Napoles, Jimmy Carruthers, LaMotta-Zale, Dempsey-Willard (color).

Feb. 1991: Boxing On TV: Now You'll Pay. Plus: Ismael Laguna, Tommy Morrison, Humberto Gonzalez, Harold Green, Joe Louis, heavyweight *Ring* covers (color).

March 1991: Hunger! It Made Evander A Champ. Plus: Charles Murray, Billy Bird, Khaosai Galaxy, Armstrong-Duran, computer flyweight tournament, Sonny Liston (color).

April 1991: Julio Cesar Chavez—*The Ring* Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Mike Tyson, Wilfred Benitez, Pedro Decima, computer bantamweight tournament.

May 1991: Ali-Frazier I: 20 Years Later, Still The Fight Of The Century. Plus: Hometown heroes, George Costner, Galindez-Saad Muhammad, Tony Canzoneri, computer featherweight tournament, Ali-Frazier pinup.

June 1991: Pain, Frustration, Confidence, And Hope: Meldrick Taylor's Life After Chavez. Plus: Holyfield-Foreman preview, Norris-Leonard, Freddie Steele, computer lightweight tournament, Tiger-Hearns, Sugar Ray Leonard (color).

July 1991: Tyson's Title Hopes: He Ain't What He Used To Be . . . But It's Not Gonna Matter. Plus: Eusebio Pedroza, Myung Woo Yuh, Willie Meehan, Hearns-Hill preview, computer junior welterweight tournament, Gomez-Fenech, controversial heavyweight finishes (color).

August 1991: Fat, Funny, And Forty-Two, But Certainly No Fraud: Foreman Gives Holyfield A Fight . . . And The World A Thrill. Plus: Harry Greb, Louis-Conn I, making weight, computer welterweight tournament, Dempsey-Marciano, Holyfield-Foreman (color).

September 1991: George Foreman: A Four-Decade Man And Still Not Ready To Hang 'Em Up. Plus: Charley Burley, Alex Garcia, Danny Lopez, Jackie "Kid" Berg, computer middleweight tournament, boxing's greatest years, Ortiz-Whitaker, "heavy-hitting" *Ring* covers (color).

October 1991: A Hit Again—How Far Can Thomas Hearns Go? Plus: Battling Levinsky, Oba Carr, Dave McAuley, Muhammad Ali, Lou Ambers, Luther McCarty, ethnic matchups, computer light heavy tournament, Cerdan-Hagler, Rocky Marciano (color).

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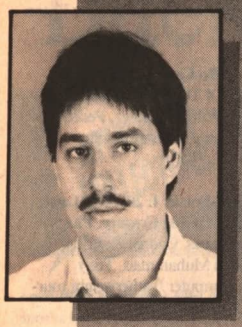


Ryan Out Loud

By Jeff Ryan

HAIL TO THE VICTOR

It wasn't like he had to be the greatest dealer since Monty Hall. No, the product sold itself. James Toney just set up a meeting place, drove down to the campus, and made the sale right through his car window. At the University of Michigan, you see, some students were outstanding academically, some were outstanding athletically, and others were out standing on a corner, waiting for a crack dealer to wheel up.

"More drugs and booze on these college campuses," says Toney, "than in some cities' bad neighborhoods."

"Lights Out" Toney grew up in Ann Arbor, Michigan, a town characterized by the sight of pretty coeds in Benetton sweaters, and the sound of "Hail To The Victors" blaring out of Michigan Stadium on Saturday afternoons in the fall. Toney's existence was middle-class, not the ghetto's 24-hour survival exercise, but it didn't matter. You can find trouble in a church pew if you look hard enough for it.

He says peer pressure turned him into a crack dealer for a time in 1987. The salary was pretty inviting, as well.

"Five hundred to $2,500 a week," he told me.

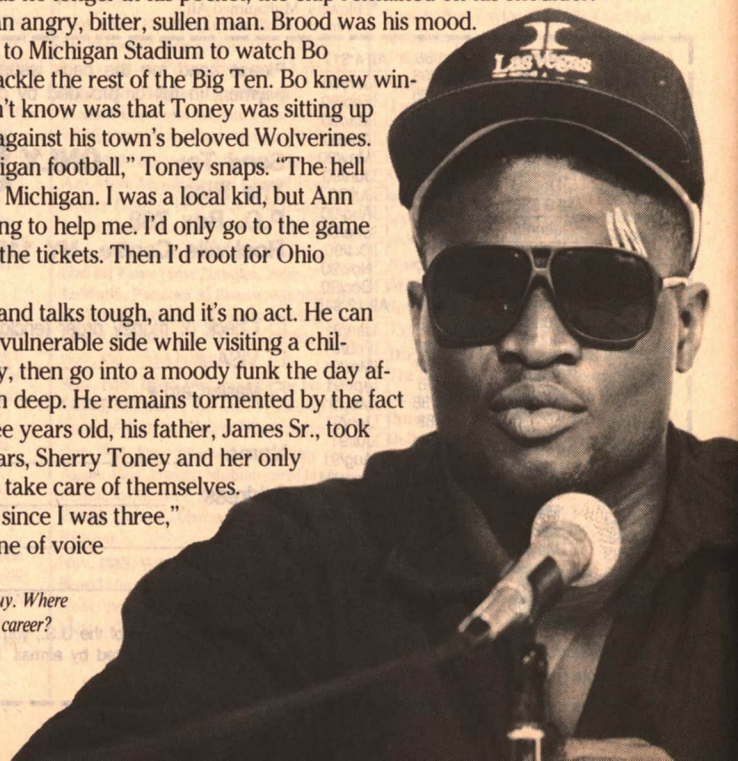
He claims he never used drugs, just sold them. Making money had a higher priority than getting high. But one day, in the shadow of the university's maize and blue, a dealer friend of his got caught in a maze *of* blue. The police. The buddy went to prison, and Toney quit selling drugs the way some people quit taking them: cold turkey.

Though the rock was no longer in his pocket, the chip remained on his shoulder. He'd walk around as an angry, bitter, sullen man. Brood was his mood. Sometimes, he'd head to Michigan Stadium to watch Bo Schembechler's kids tackle the rest of the Big Ten. Bo knew winning, but what he didn't know was that Toney was sitting up in the stands, rooting against his town's beloved Wolverines.

"The hell with Michigan football," Toney snaps. "The hell with the University Of Michigan. I was a local kid, but Ann Arbor never did nothing to help me. I'd only go to the game if somebody gave me the tickets. Then I'd root for Ohio State."

Toney looks tough and talks tough, and it's no act. He can reveal a sensitive and vulnerable side while visiting a children's hospital one day, then go into a moody funk the day after. His frustrations run deep. He remains tormented by the fact that when he was three years old, his father, James Sr., took off. For the past 20 years, Sherry Toney and her only child have been left to take care of themselves.

"I haven't seen him since I was three," Toney explains, his tone of voice



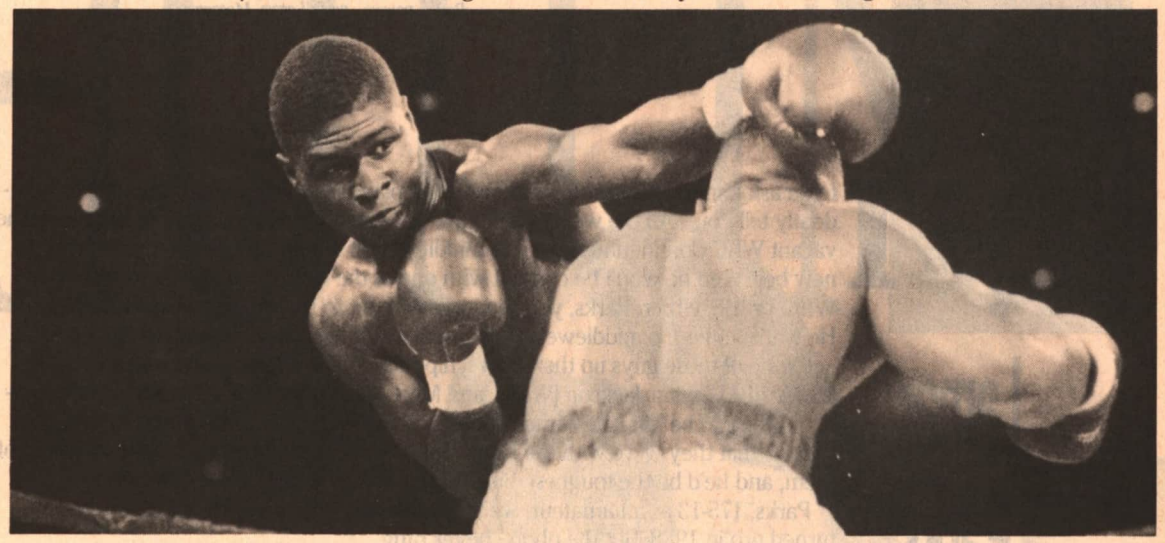
No baloney: Toney's a tough guy. Where would he be without his boxing career?

making it clear that he isn't exactly choked up about it. "When you have no father, you have no one to make sure that you don't mess up. There's no one taking you to ballgames. *Of course* I've got anger toward him. I don't want to get into it, but he was very abusive to my mother, and *he's* gonna get abused if he ever comes around me."

Jackie Kallen, Toney's manager, believes that just about all of her fighter's anger can be traced to his hurt at never having benefited from any paternal guidance.

"I hope he can eventually mellow and become more mature," Kallen says. "I know that if he wasn't doing this for a living right now, he'd be out beating people up."

When boxing's critics talk about outlawing the sport, they look only at stories like that of Kid Akeem Anifowoshe, a nice guy knocked into a coma for a few scary days by Robert Quiroga. The American Medical Association doesn't want to know about guys like James Toney, someone who can serve as the quintessential example of a kid whose life was given direction the day he started striving for a title belt. Hear his



Toney's first defense was a close call against top-rated Reggie Johnson.

story, and the existence of pro boxing starts to make too much sense.

"Boxing has given him a chance to make an outstanding living," says Kallen. "It's given him an opportunity to travel and meet interesting people. But number one, it's allowed him to vent all of his frustrations."

And he's doing it in a way that you've simply got to admire. Toney doesn't seem like one of the easiest guys to like, but he might be one of the easiest *fighters* to like. That's because Easy Street isn't anywhere on his roadmap. His schedule for '91 reads Nunn to Johnson to McCallum. Sounds like a double-play combination. It's more like a triple play for more recognition. To some, though, it sounds like going from the frying pan into the fire, and then from the fire into the middle of a mushroom cloud.

Toney is sensitive to criticism. He knows many people thought his upset of Michael Nunn was either a fluke or proof that Nunn was overrated. He knows that others watched him struggle with Reggie Johnson and wondered if he'd be within miles of a title if a Marvin Hagler was still reigning. So Toney figures the best way to get credit in a short period of time is to fight the best right away.

"Mark Breland proved that you don't get anywhere taking easy fights," says the man who will unify two-thirds of the middleweight crown against WBA king McCallum on October 11 in Las Vegas. "I want that whole pie. I'm the champ, but *I'll* challenge *everyone else*. I want to go after the best fighters that are out there. I'm tired of all these people saying what I don't have or can't do.

"I saw Lamar Parks on TV the other day, and he said he was gonna beat James Toney. I get angry just thinking about that because I'm the baddest middleweight in the world."

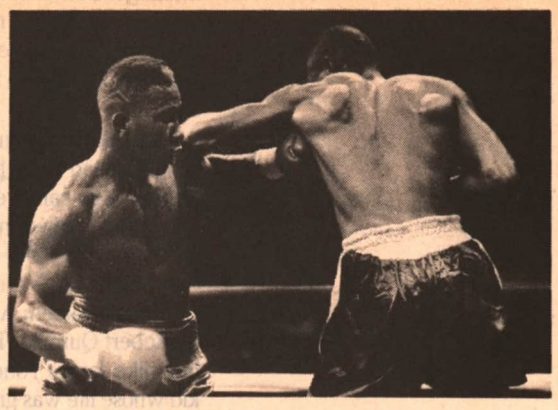
No doubt that James Toney was always headed toward being the baddest something in life. I'm pretty sure that he, and most of the people who've known him, are better off for his having found boxing.

Lights Out could have ended up as one of society's dim bulbs. Instead, he's a guy who's just starting to find career ful-filament. ■

New Faces

By Ed Maloney

Photos By Frank Pearce



Parks powers past Lenzie Morgan

Lamar Parks

Middleweight

If you ask Lamar "Kidfire" Parks how far he plans on going in pro boxing, he'll confidently tell you, "All the way." The native of Greenville, South Carolina, who won the vacant WBC Continental Americas middleweight title in July, isn't satisfied with his new belt. And he won't be content with one of the world title belts from the WBA, WBC, or IBF, either. Parks, you see, doesn't want to be *a* middleweight champion. He wants to be *the* middleweight champion. And he says it's going to happen soon.

"None of those guys up there can whip me," Parks, 21, says of champions James Toney [IBF], Julian Jackson [WBC], and Mike McCallum [WBA]. "Jackson's got power, but he can be hit. And James Toney's a bum. The only reason why they're up there is that they were with the right people at the right time. McCallum's the best of them, and he'd be the toughest, but the only thing he has on me is experience."

Parks, 175-13 as an amateur, waited for the big-time promoters to call when he turned pro in 1988. But the phone never rang.

"When all the top amateurs were being signed, I was left behind," says the quick-handed puncher, who is now promoted by Madison Square Garden Boxing. "And I felt that I was better than all of them."

PROFESSIONAL RECORD

1988		
Oct. 4	Lennell Stroman, Atlantic City	W 4
Nov. 28	Charles Agnew, Greenville, SC	KO 2
1989		
March 3	Bobby Bell, Leesburg, FL	KO 3
April 22	Ed Barnes, Atlantic City	KO 4
June 24	Fabian Williams, Atlantic City	KO 5
Oct. 4	Dwight Hunter, Charlotte, NC	KO 3
Oct. 28	Carlton Brown, Hendersonville, SC	KO 4
Nov. 25	William Pinto, Charlotte	KO 1
1990		
Feb. 28	Tony Wellington, Pensacola, FL	KO 1
April 29	Chris Sande, Atlantic City	KO 5
Oct. 23	Lemorah Bolding, Las Vegas	KO 3
Nov. 11	Basante Blanco, Lewiston, ME	KO 2
Dec. 21	Eric Cole, Las Vegas	KO 2
1991		
March 1	Eric Rinehart, Charleston, SC	KO 3
May 10	Brinatty Maquillon, Lewiston	W 10
June 15	Lester Yarbrough, Charleston	W 10
July 6	Lenzie Morgan, Greenville	W 12

RECORD:	FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KO
	17	17	0	0	13

"I don't know why he wasn't picked up when he turned pro, but you have to give [Madison Square Garden Boxing boss] Bobby Goodman credit for having him now," said CBS and MSG analyst Gil Clancy. "He's a good fighter."

"Every once in a while a rare jewel catches my eye," said Goodman, who was initially impressed by Parks' fifth-round kayo over '88 Olympic medalist Chris Sande. (The bout, on the undercard of Nigel Benn-Doug DeWitt, was televised by ABC.) "I compare Lamar to a young John Mugabi. In fact, I think he's more heavyhanded."

"I'm ready right now," said Parks, who is trained by the trio of his father, David, Silas Epps, and New York City veteran Jimmy Glenn.

After winning his first bout by decision, the 5'9" Parks kayoed 13 consecutive opponents. His most recent bout was a 12-round decision over his toughest rival to date, clever fringe contender Lenzie Morgan.

Parks, now rated 10th by the WBA, had little trouble with Morgan, who entered the bout as the WBC's number-10 super middleweight.

"He fought defensively," Parks said of Morgan, who has never been stopped. "He was afraid of my power and just wanted to go the distance. He didn't come to fight, or else I would have knocked him out. But I've proved that I can go the distance. I've done it the last three times, and I've felt great each time."

"These fights proved to Parks that he doesn't have to knock a guy out to win," said Clancy. "Parks is a good boxer-puncher. He has excellent hand speed, and power in both hands. He's a very good defensive fighter, and he listens to his corner. He's definitely ready for a title shot."

That's good news for the middleweight division, which has been dormant since the conclusion of the Seniors Tour. Consider Kidfire's breakthrough into the top 10 as the ringing of an alarm clock. If he keeps fighting as tough as he talks, the rest of the 160-pounders will either wake up—or get knocked out. ■

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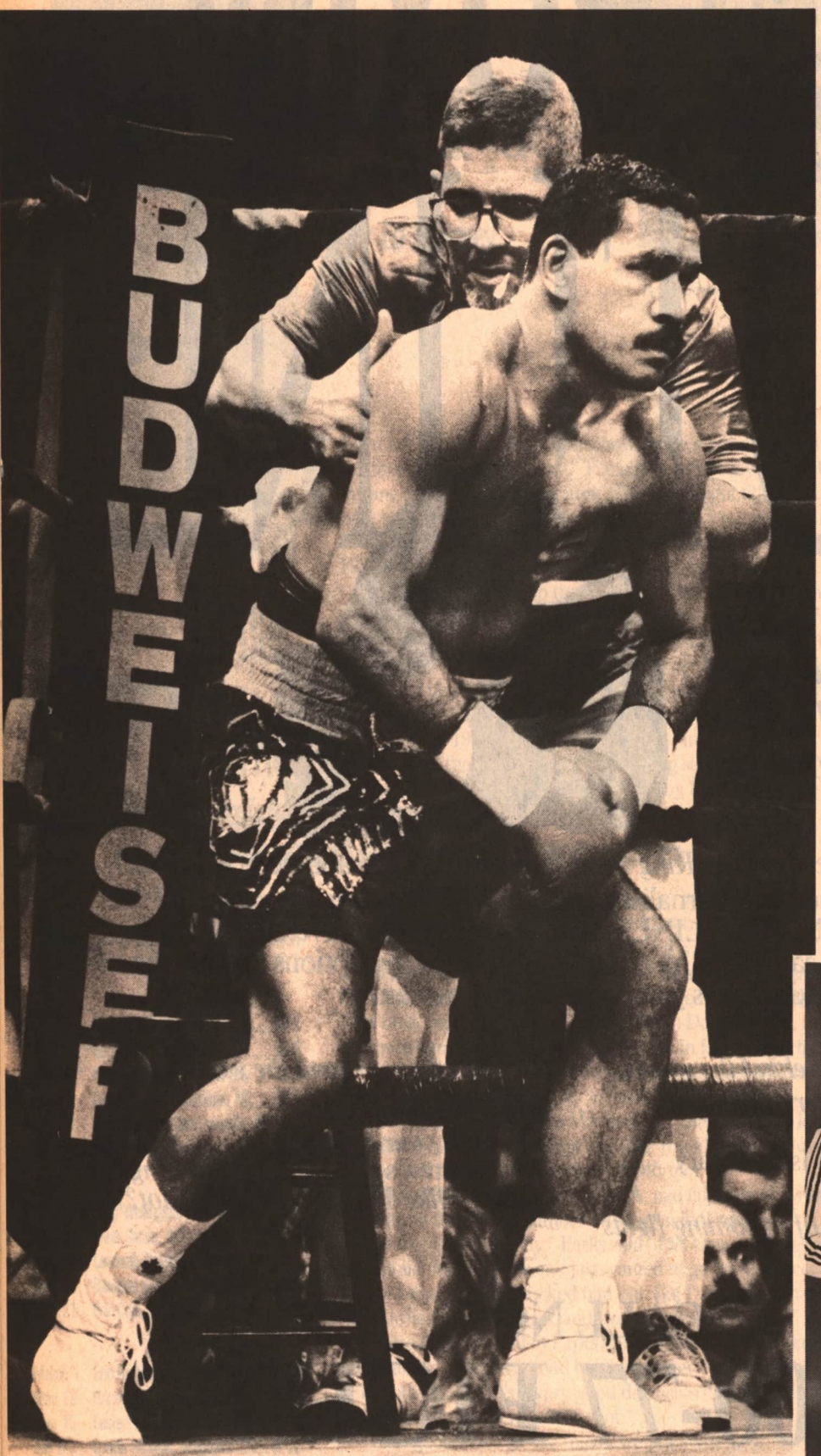
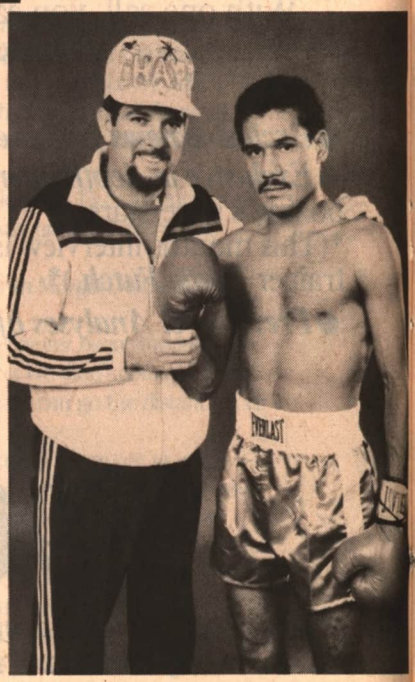


Trainer Manny Siaca sends Edwin Rosario out to finish Loreto Garza in June (left). Siaca with then-lightweight champion Rosario in October 1984 (bottom).

Beating

THE REUNION THAT SAVED EDWIN ROSARIO'S CAREER

By Steve Farhood



Action Photos By Bryan Patrick

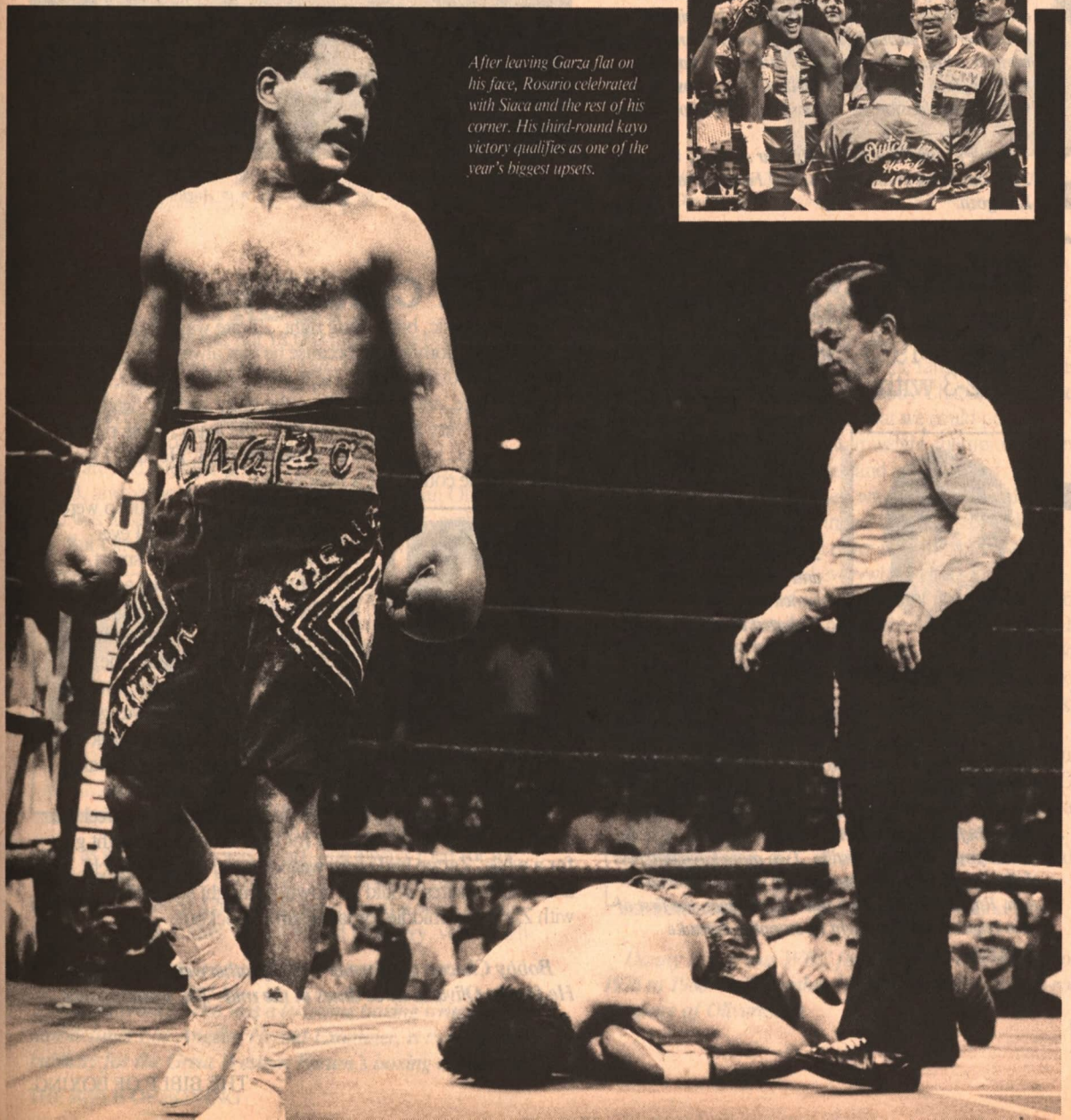
Accept that fighters have fragile psyches and you'll accept their insecurities. Acknowledge the sharp edges of their existence and you'll acknowledge that you can never put yourself in their place. It's their world, and theirs alone, a lonely, scary place, sometimes dark, with demons at every turn.

Edwin "Chapo" Rosario is like a lot of fighters in that he craves discipline, but finds ways to avoid it. Rosario's need for order claws at him without pause; his boyhood idol, former lightweight champion Esteban DeJesus, was a drug addict and convicted murderer who died of AIDS at age 37. Rosario's older brother Luis, a world-class bantamweight who lost only once in 19 fights, was also a drug addict. Demons at every turn.

Since the age of eight, Rosario has known exactly where to look for a firm hand that would help shove those demons aside. He was a little league infielder when he followed Luis into Manny Siaca's boxing gym in Levittown, Puerto Rico, 10 miles from his home. Siaca, who

(Continued on page 54)

Back The Demons



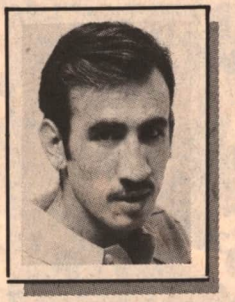
After leaving Garza flat on his face, Rosario celebrated with Siaca and the rest of his corner. His third-round kayo victory qualifies as one of the year's biggest upsets.

BATTLE OF THE LEGENDS

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Carlos Zarate

Tepito, Mexico
Career: 1970-1979; 1986-1988
66-4 with 61 kayos



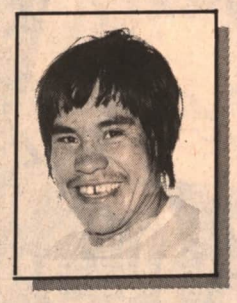
At 5'8" and 118 pounds, seemed frail, almost sickly, but thrilled fans in Mexico and Southern California with exquisite skills and exceptional power. As with so many great Mexican fighters, chief weapon was a left hook to the liver. Of first 45 foes, only Victor Ramirez lasted until the final bell.

Won the WBC bantamweight title with a ninth-round kayo of countryman Rodolfo Martinez, and reigned during a time when Mexicans dominated the division. Made nine successful defenses, but biggest bouts were a fourth-round non-title kayo of unbeaten bomber Alfonso Zamora and a fifth-round kayo loss to 122-pound champion Wilfredo Gomez. Lost crown via disputed decision to stablemate Lupe Pintor in June 1979.

Made a comeback after a six-year absence. Went 11-2 (9), but failed in title tries vs. Jeff Fenech and Daniel Zaragoza.

Ruben Olivares

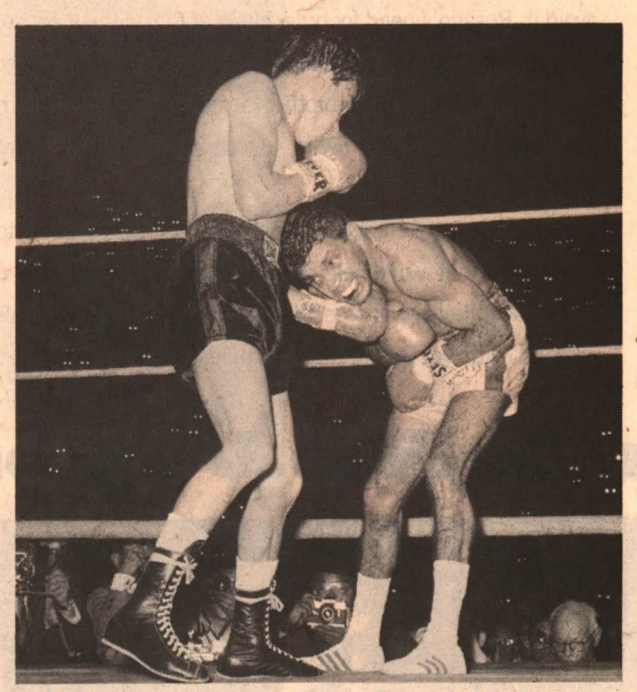
Mexico City, Mexico
Career: 1973-1981; 1986
87-12-3 with 77 kayos



Charismatic and always smiling, the gap-toothed titlist was a people's champion. In his prime, regularly drew crowds of almost 20,000 at the L.A. Forum, and set a standard for knockouts that only Zarate managed to match. Stood 5'5" and was fleshy, but stopped 50 of his first 53 foes en route to becoming a force at both bantamweight and featherweight. To this day, Mexican trainers use Olivares' hook to the body as the model when teaching young fighters how to punch.

Won bantam title for first time with a fifth-round kayo of Lionel Rose in August 1969. Made two defenses before losing crown, and then regaining it, from countryman Chucho Castillo. Two more kayo defenses followed, but was then stopped by yet another Mexican, Rafael Herrera. Two years later, began the first of two reigns at featherweight by stopping Zensuke Utagawa.

Fight fans will forever debate the merits of champions who never met in the ring. In "Battle Of The Legends," the editors of THE RING play matchmaker and pit two of the all-time greats against each other. Three experts serve as judges. If there are particular dream matches that you'd like to see featured, please write to us.



As a bantamweight, Olivares was never better than when he dethroned Australian world champion Lionel Rose via fifth-round kayo in August 1969.

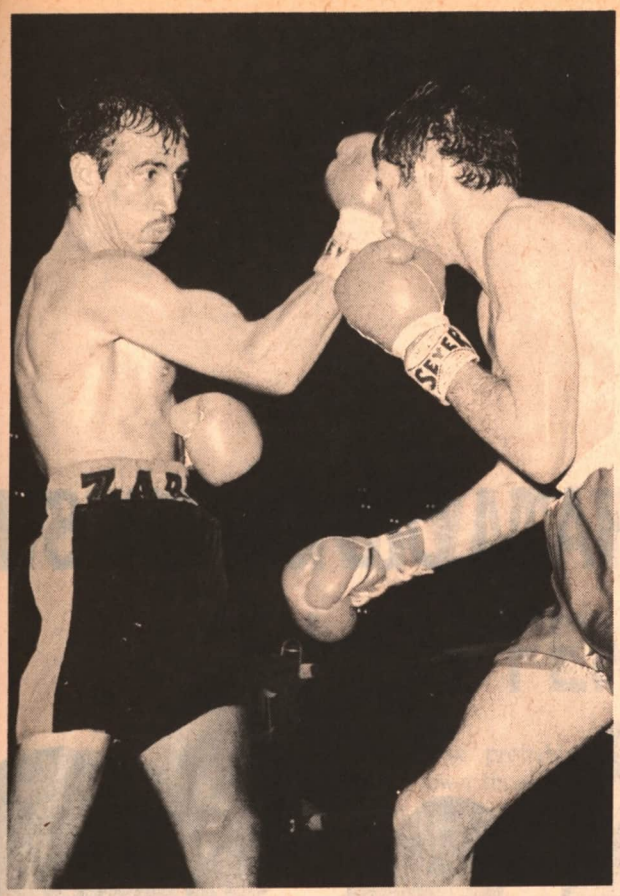
BOBBY CHACON

What a classic, bang-bang fight. Zarate was a smart fighter. He came out dominating because he was always so confident. He was a helluva puncher. He'd jab from the outside, wait for his chance, and then hook to the body and the head. He was tall, but very good on the inside. He wasn't a big right-hand puncher; he didn't care about the right. He didn't get hit much, but he could take a punch, too.

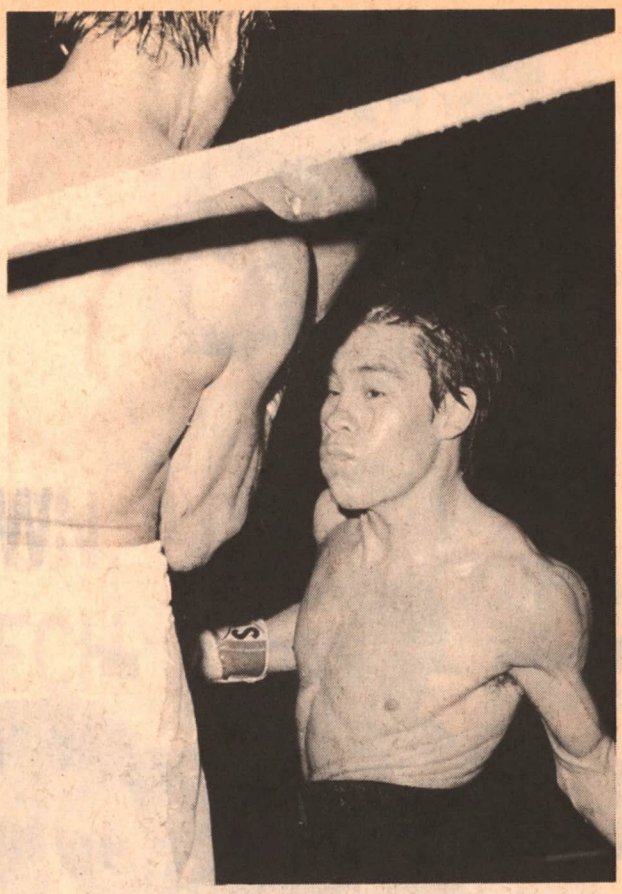
Olivares and Alexis Arguello were the two hardest punchers I ever fought. Olivares was also smart. He'd throw punches, take a breather, and then do things to offset your moves until he was ready to punch again. He was shorter than me, and I'm only 5'5½". He knew how to move in and out, and he was good defensively. Only Arguello took advantage of his size. I'd say Olivares was a better puncher than Zarate, but it was really close.

Being smart, both fighters would stand outside and feel the other out. They'd have respect for each other, so it might go for a while. Zarate had more weapons and a longer reach, and once Olivares would go down, he might stay down. I'd go with Zarate by middle- or late-round knockout.

Bobby Chacon is a former world featherweight champion. He fought Olivares three times in the mid-'70s, winning once.



Zarate was a particularly dominant 118-pound champion. In August 1976, he made his first defense, stopping rugged Paul Ferreri in the 12th round.



Olivares' left hook was among the best in boxing history. Here he delivers against arch-rival Chucho Castillo during their April 1971 rubber match.

JOHN BEYROOTY

This matchup would put 18,000-plus in the Forum. When these fighters walked down the aisle, there was a definite electricity. In their primes, they were both amazing. They destroyed people. And, contrary to popular belief, little guys can punch. Look at the kayo ratios of these two.

Zarate had a longer prime. He was a pro's pro, well-disciplined, always poised. He was more mature than Olivares, who was a partier. I'm not sure who hit harder, perhaps Zarate. But Olivares was a bit slicker boxer. Both could do it all.

They were good defensive fighters who got hit a little because they were willing to punch. And both had terrific chins, especially considering the types of fights they regularly engaged in.

Stylewise, they'd both try to take each other out. Alfonso Zamora was able to get inside of Zarate's reach, and since Olivares was a better fighter than Zamora, he'd probably get inside as well. Olivares was smart—he always tried for the kayo, but went to the body, too. In a 15-round fight, I'd pick Olivares by 11th- or 12th-round kayo, or, if it went the distance, on points. Either way, it would be a very, very tough fight.

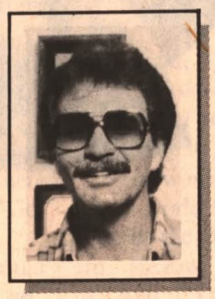
John Beyrooty, who was a longtime boxing writer for the now-defunct Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, is the director of publicity for the Great Western Forum's boxing department.

DANNY LOPEZ

Whenever these two fought, the crowd lit up like light bulbs. It was during an era when the fans came to see us fight—Carlos and Ruben and Bobby Chacon and myself. What we had in common was that we could punch.

Olivares was the best bantamweight champion I've ever seen. He was a great puncher and a good boxer. It was the way he delivered his punches, with his body weight behind them. He was a natural puncher. When I stopped him, he was already past his prime. He never hurt me, but I still felt his punches on my arms and everywhere else.

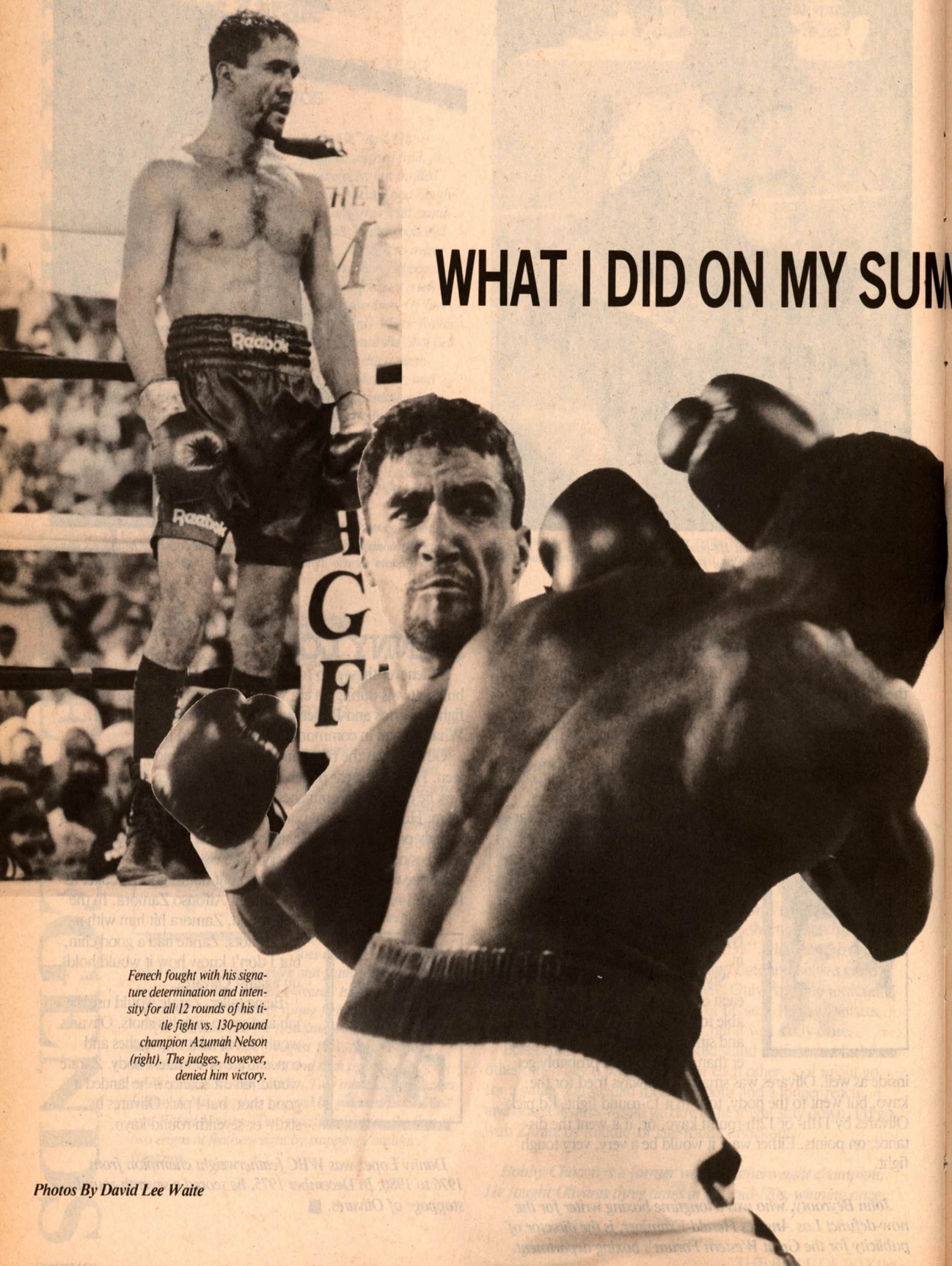
Zarate was a powerful puncher, but not as good a boxer as Ruben. I remember when he fought Alfonso Zamora. In the first round, Zamora hit him with a lot of shots. Zarate had a good chin, but I don't know how it would hold up against Olivares.



Being taller, Zarate would use the jab and try to pick his shots. Olivares would avoid a lot of punches and concentrate on Zarate's body. Zarate would have a chance if he landed a good shot, but I pick Olivares by sixth- or seventh-round kayo.

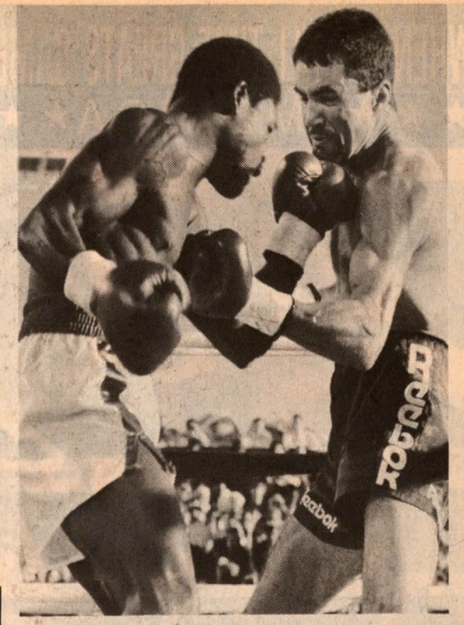
Danny Lopez was WBC featherweight champion from 1976 to 1980. In December 1975, he scored a seventh-round stoppage of Olivares. ■

WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER WORKING VACATION, BY JEFF FENECH



Fenech fought with his signature determination and intensity for all 12 rounds of his title fight vs. 130-pound champion Azumah Nelson (right). The judges, however, denied him victory.

Photos By David Lee Waite



The Fenech-Nelson brawl: The challenger forced the pace, and the champion answered in spurts.

While in Las Vegas for his title fight showdown vs. Azumah Nelson, Jeff Fenech spent a lot of time with ***The Ring*** *Managing Editor Jeff Ryan. What follows is Ryan's interpretation of Fenech's experience, as gathered from interviews and the hours they spent together.*

Don't expect this to be one of those essays that tells what a great time I had, how nice the people were, how neat the souvenirs were, and how exciting it was to travel for a change. It was going to be one of those essays—until the last night of the trip. Then I got sick. Real sick. Ruined everything. They say you shouldn't drink the water in Mexico. Well, here's *my* traveler's tip: Don't put your career on the line in Las Vegas.

Helpless. I'm not used to feeling that way, let me tell you. When my dad was dying, yeah, but that's the only time I can remember. Never in the ring. Not growing up, no matter how many blokes were in the other gang. Not even in reform school, when the guards would blindfold us, tie knots in towels, and make us whip each other for their enjoyment. Helpless isn't a good feeling, mate. Makes you feel weak. And I've probably felt weak even fewer times in my life than I've felt helpless.

But what can you do when you get robbed the way I did? I'm not some idiot tourist who left his wallet next to the o.j. machine at the breakfast buffet. There's no 24-hour hotline for me to call, like on those credit card commercials. I can't pick up a phone, say, "Hi, the judges stole the Azumah Nelson fight from me," and have some operator tell me, "No problem, Mr. Fenech, one of our representatives will be at your door in an hour with that fourth title belt."

It's a bloody shame, too. I was having so much fun. Ever been to Vegas? It's like no place else on Earth, that's what I like to tell people back home. God, was it hot. When we train in Australia, I don't even have a water bottle in the gym. Out in Vegas, it felt like I was drinking five gallons after every round of sparring. But I did things the right way. Got there 45 days before the fight. Got acclimated.

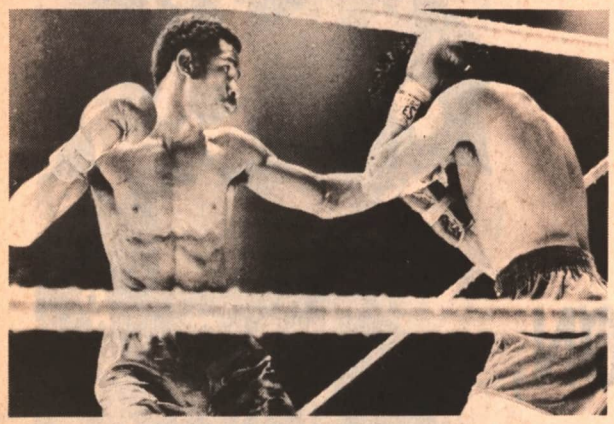
Those bastards! How could they call it a draw? Worse yet, how could that Mexican judge, that Miguel Donate, score 116-112 for Azumah? I meant it later when I said, "He deserves to have his career ruined." And like I said, I really wonder if the guy knew I beat all those Mexicans. I really wonder if he was trying to get even with me.

After the decision was announced, Fenech found comfort by embracing his son, Beau. Will the Australian, bitter because he was denied his fourth world title, return to the United States for a Nelson rematch?

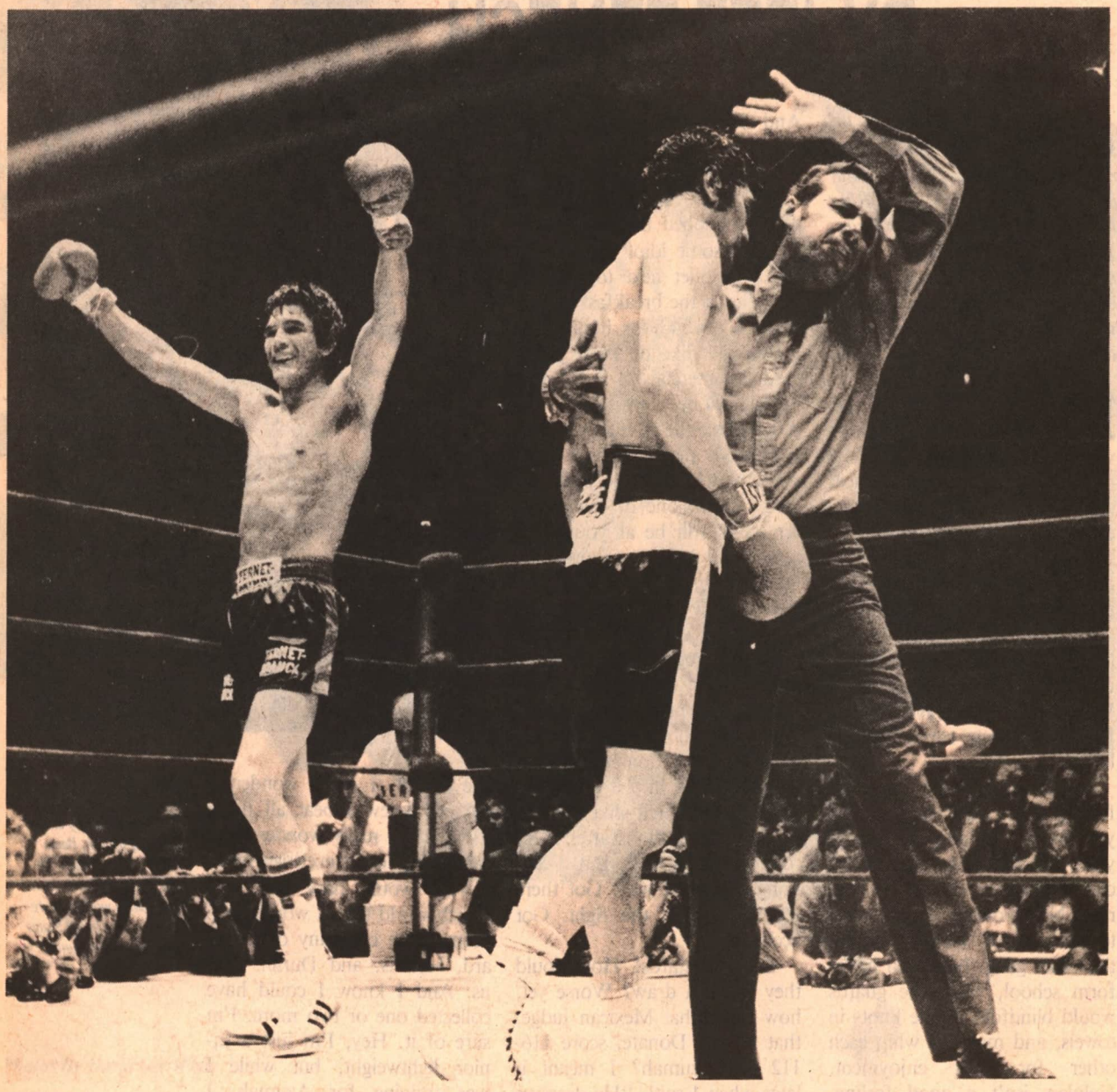
That would have been my fourth world title. I would have been in the company of Leonard, Hearns, and Duran. Just us. And I know I could have collected one or two more. I'm sure of it. Hey, I'm just a junior lightweight, but while I was training for Azumah, I

(Continued on page 57)

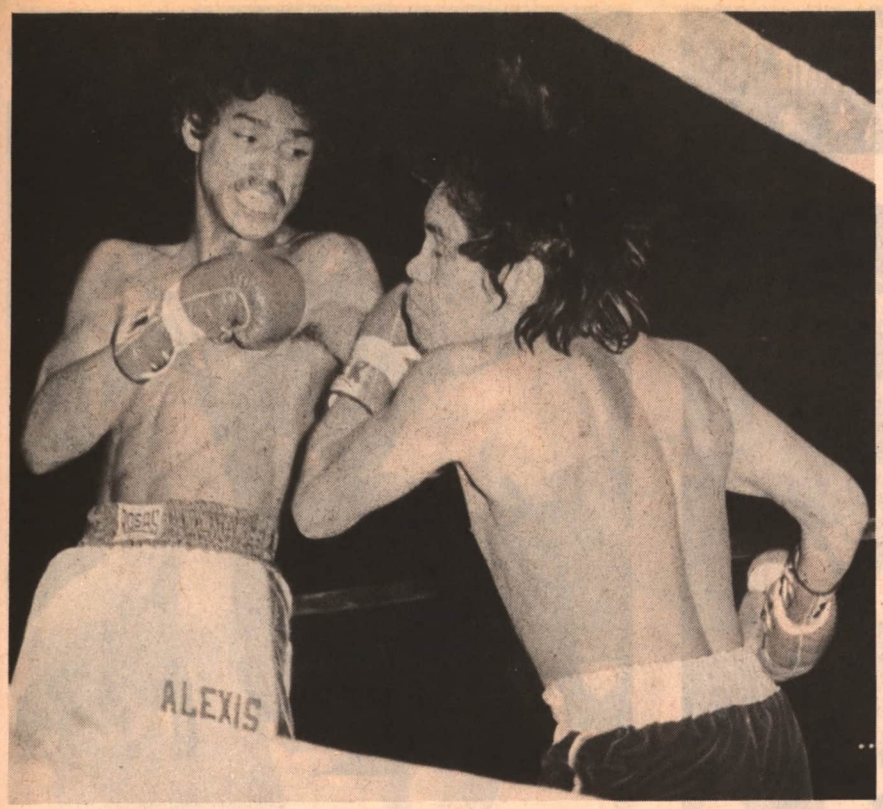
WHEN THE ALL-TIME GREATS CAME TO ★★★AMERICA★★★



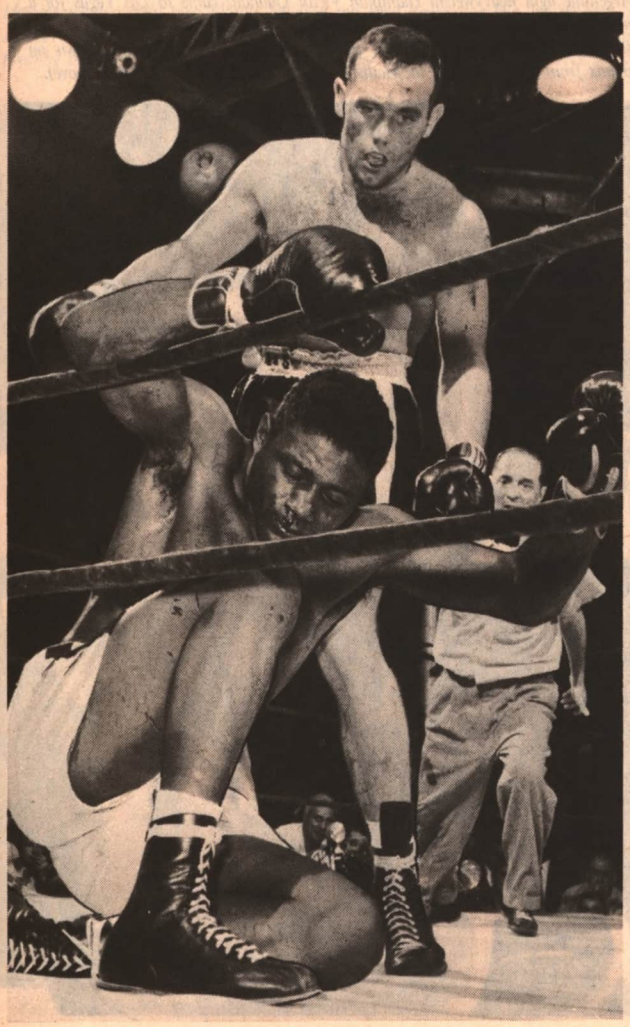
Panamanian WBA featherweight champion Eusebio Pedroza was a world traveler. In July 1979, he scored a 12th-round kayo of Ruben Olivares in Houston (left). In December 1970, Scotland's newly crowned lightweight king, Ken Buchanan, made his USA debut by outpointing Donato Paduano in New York (above).

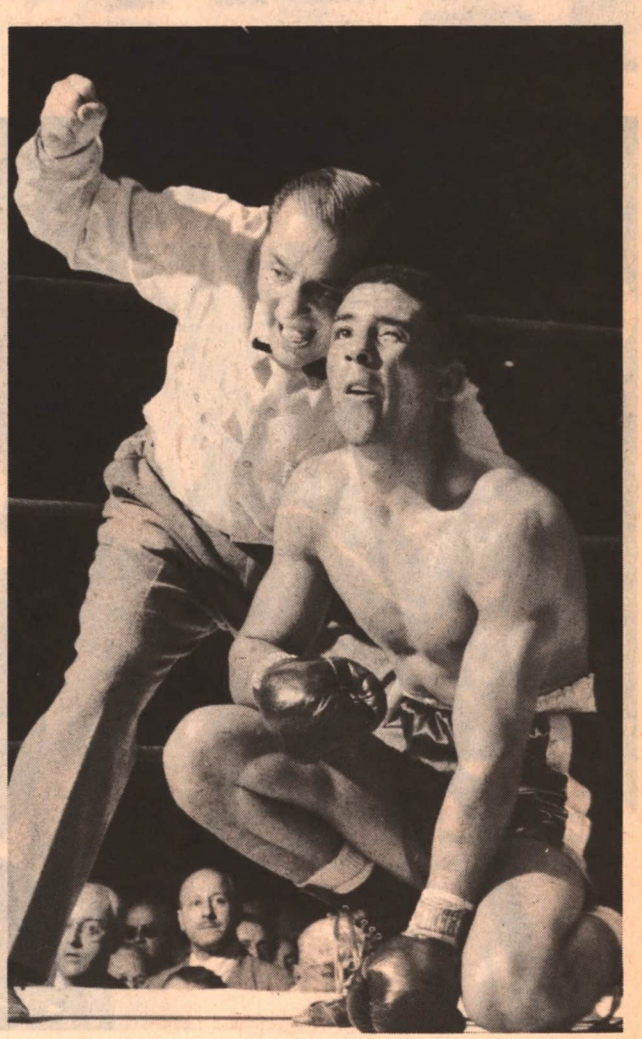


Argentine middleweight champion Carlos Monzon was already established when he came to America in June 1975 and defended against Tony Licata at Madison Square Garden. Monzon scored a 10th-round TKO in his 11th defense. (The photo shows Licata being rescued by Tony Perez.) It would be Monzon's only bout in the USA.



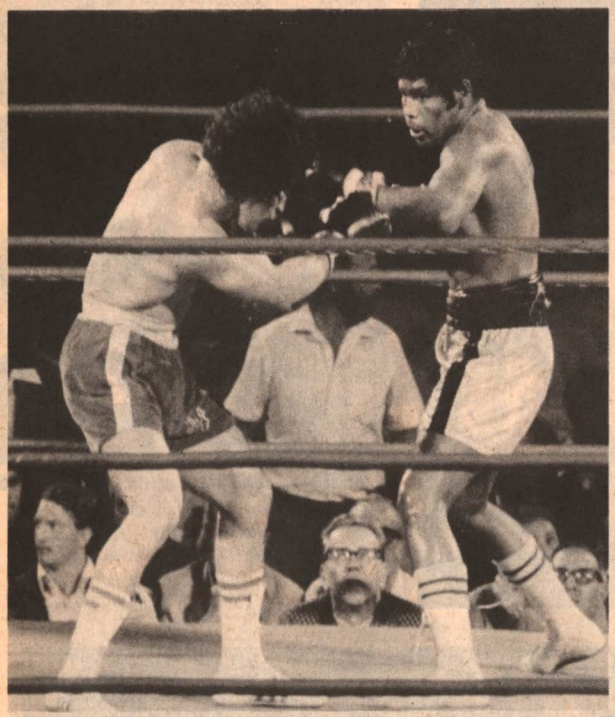
Nicaragua's Alexis Arguello wins the featherweight title by kayoing Ruben Olivares at the Fabulous Forum in November 1974 (left). Puerto Rican 122-pound king Wilfredo Gomez crushes Baba Jimenez at Madison Square Garden in March 1979 (above).

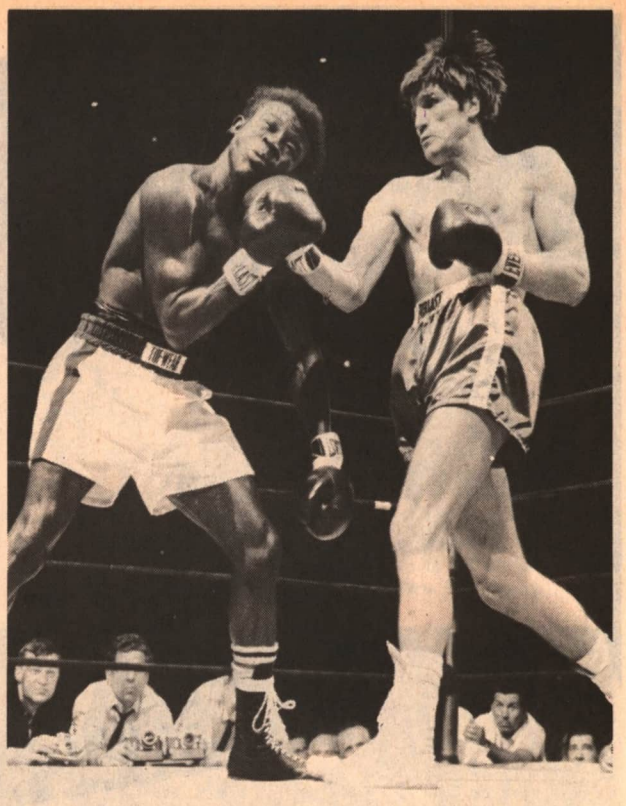




Sweden's Ingemar Johansson gave European heavyweights a good name when he traveled to New York City and won the world crown with a third-round kayo of Floyd Patterson in June 1959 (above left). England's Randy Turpin had less luck in the Big Apple, losing the 160-pound crown to Ray Robinson in September 1951 (above right).

WHEN THE ALL-TIME GREATS CAME TO ★★★AMERICA★★★

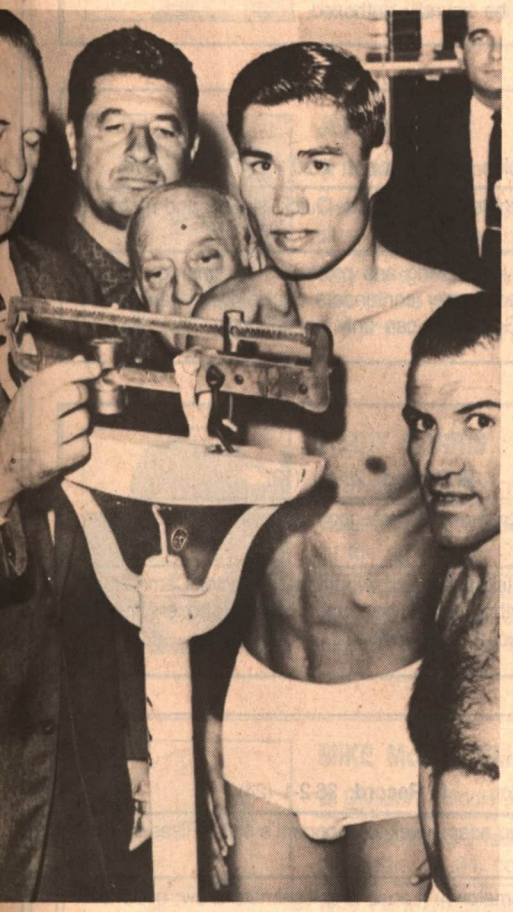




Argentine light heavyweight champion Victor Galindez came to Las Vegas for a non-title fight with Ray Elson in May 1975 (left). He scored an eighth-round stoppage. Italy's charismatic Nino Benvenuti won the middleweight crown on points from Emile Griffith at Madison Square Garden in April 1967 (above).

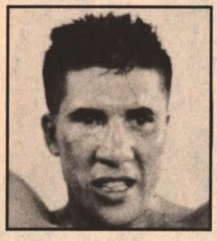
England's Terry Downes (right) came to Boston in January 1961 in an attempt to win the middleweight title from local favorite Paul Pender, who had dethroned Sugar Ray Robinson. After suffering a cut, Downes was stopped in the seventh round. He won the rematch in London six months later, but Pender took the rubber match on points.

Mexican featherweight king Vicente Saldivar and Raul Rojas look like they've been in a fight after clashing in Los Angeles in May 1965 (above). Saldivar scored a 15th-round kayo. France's Georges Carpentier and Battling Levinsky (wearing the knee brace) pose before their October 1920 title bout in New Jersey. Carpentier won in four rounds.



Two outstanding flyweights, Thailand's Pone Kingpetch (on the scale) and Argentina's Pascual Perez, weigh in before their September 1960 title fight rematch in Los Angeles (left). Kingpetch, who had captured the crown on points five months earlier, retained the title via eighth-round stoppage. France's beloved Marcel Cerdan came to New York City in December 1946 and outpointed a bloody Georgie Abrams (above).

BOXING'S FIVE MOST OVERRATED FIGHTERS

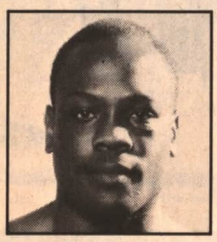


GIANFRANCO ROSI

■ **Division:** Junior middleweight ■ **Status:** IBF champion ■ **Record:** 51-3 (16)

The Prevailing Wisdom: A two-time champion who is tricky, awkward, and virtually impossible to look good against. Especially tough in Italy.

Why He's Overrated: Can't punch, and has a shaky chin. Has benefited from weak title-fight opposition and referees who have been tolerant of his dirty style. If there weren't three champions per division, he'd be a fifth- or sixth-rated contender at best.

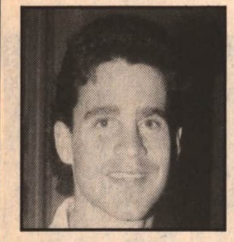


SIMON BROWN

■ **Division:** Welterweight ■ **Status:** WBC champion ■ **Record:** 34-1 (26)

The Prevailing Wisdom: Boxing's top welter. A devastating hitter with one of the game's best hooks. A decent boxer, and a warrior who loves a brawl.

Why He's Overrated: Make no mistake, Brown is good. But he's seemingly forgotten most of his boxing skills and almost all of his defense. Has become a one-dimensional slugger, and, as was evident in extended portions of his bout with Maurice Blocker, can be soundly outboxed.



JOEY GAMACHE

■ **Division:** Junior lightweight ■ **Status:** WBA champion ■ **Record:** 25-0 (15)

The Prevailing Wisdom: One of the most exciting young fighters in the sport. Quick, skilled, and mobile. A good bodypuncher when he wants to be.

Why He's Overrated: Johnny Bos has done a masterful job moving and protecting his charge. Think about it: Gamache earned a title try by beating up faded former contenders Jackie Beard and Jeff Franklin, and won the crown by kayoing green Jerry N'Gobeni. It can only get tougher.

GREG HAUGEN

■ **Division:** Junior welterweight ■ **Status:** Contender ■ **Record:** 28-4-1 (13)

The Prevailing Wisdom: A tough guy and underrated boxer who offers good defensive and counter-punching skills. Difficult to fight. A spoiler type.

Why He's Overrated: In his eight biggest bouts (six world title fights and two tiffs with Hector Camacho), has scored one stoppage. Allowed to box at his desired rhythm, he can be tough. But quick boxers make him look ordinary, and when was the last time he's faced a big puncher?

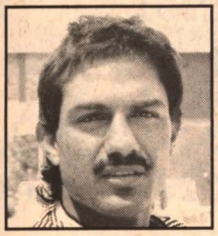
TONY LOPEZ

■ **Division:** Junior lightweight ■ **Status:** IBF champion ■ **Record:** 36-2-1 (24)

The Prevailing Wisdom: A gutty and spirited champion who adapts well to opponent's style. Rises to the occasion, as he proved vs. Brian Mitchell.

Why He's Overrated: Forgiven for fighting solely in his hometown. (Lopez is a legitimate draw; good for him.) An average hitter, and a choppy, albeit often effective, boxer. Chin is only so-so. Azumah Nelson and Jeff Fenech, both true champions, would overwhelm him.

BOXING'S FIVE MOST UNDERRATED FIGHTERS



ORLANDO CANIZALES

■ **Division:** Bantamweight ■ **Status:** IBF champion ■ **Record:** 27-1-1 (22)

The Prevailing Wisdom: Probably the best bantam in the world. A clever boxer who has trouble with tall opponents and movers.

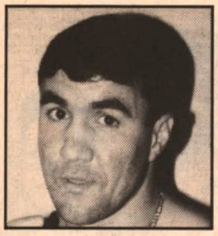
Why He's Underrated: Granted, the tiny Texan hasn't faced the most demanding opposition. But if he ever does, he'll shine. Creates punching angles better than anyone else. A strong hitter, too, whether leading or countering. Should be included in all pound-for-pound rankings.

PRINCE CHARLES WILLIAMS

■ **Division:** Light heavyweight ■ **Status:** IBF champion ■ **Record:** 30-4-2 (21)

The Prevailing Wisdom: Talented, but hardly dominating. Has extended his reign by defending against weak challengers. Questionable chin.

Why He's Underrated: Credibility would indeed benefit from a few tough fights. His opposition aside, he's as resilient as any champion, and his tools are high-grade, especially his jab and cross. Too bad he's not likely to engage in any high profile bouts in the near-future.



JEFF FENECH

■ **Division:** Junior lightweight ■ **Status:** Contender ■ **Record:** 25-0-1 (19)

The Prevailing Wisdom: Bruising infighter who has faced good, but not great, title-fight opposition. Too often depends on his rock-hard chin.

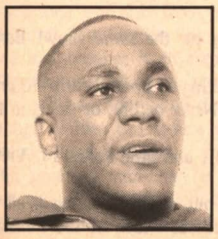
Why He's Underrated: Proved against Azumah Nelson that he should have been a superstar all along. Cuts off the ring as well as any fighter in years; run from him and he gains strength. Ferocious, tireless, and physically overpowering. Don't be surprised if he eventually excels at lightweight.

TERRY NORRIS

■ **Division:** Junior middleweight ■ **Status:** WBC champion ■ **Record:** 28-3 (15)

The Prevailing Wisdom: Gifted, but needs more experience and better opposition. Caught Ray Leonard on the right night. Chin isn't the best.

Why He's Underrated: Young, quick, and clearly on the rise. Consider his credentials: Has already outboxed Leonard, outbrawled John Mugabi, and come back from a crushing kayo loss vs. Julian Jackson. Given his talent and dedication, he's likely to be at the top for several years.



MIKE McCALLUM

■ **Division:** Middleweight ■ **Status:** WBA champion ■ **Record:** 40-1 (33)

The Prevailing Wisdom: Steady and skilled, but also colorless, probably because he's never faced the superstars. At 34, could crumble at any time.

Why He's Underrated: Has scored big-name wins (vs. Julian Jackson, Milton McCrory, and Donald Curry) at wrong times. Consistent sort, offering one of game's best body attacks and a dependable chin. Has avenged only loss, to Sumbu Kalambay. Suffers for featuring substance over style. ■

The RING

Compiled By Stanley Weston

With files of more than three million black-and-white and color negatives, *The Ring* magazine photo collection is by far the largest in the world. Each issue, we'll pore through the files to bring you some of the most unique boxing photographs ever taken

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE MY CHAMP

(April 7, 1962)

Barbara Downes plants a tender kiss on her husband's cut and swollen face after he lost the middleweight title to Paul Pender in Boston.

Terry Downes, one of Britain's most popular boxers from the time he began his professional career in 1957, had held the British middleweight crown before winning the world title from Pender in 1961. Terry and Pender had a good thing going back in the early-'60s. Their three title fights generated big paydays and rave reviews on both sides of the Atlantic. In 1961, Pender stopped Downes in Boston, but Terry roared right back to stop Paul in London. The rubber match went to Pender by decision.

Losing that third bout far from ended the plucky Englishman's career. He racked off seven solid victories in succession, including a decision over the great Sugar Ray Robinson. In 1964, the 28-year-old Terry made a brave bid for Willie Pastrano's light heavyweight title and was stopped by the clever American in 11 rounds in Manchester, England. For Downes, winning a second world crown just wasn't meant to be.

WHERE'D HE GO?

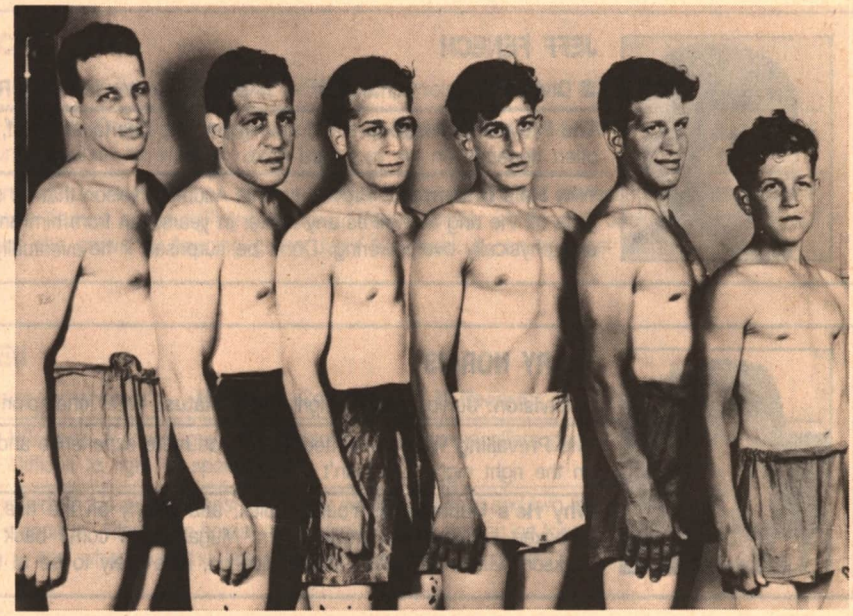
(August 22, 1951)

Bob Murphy was a tough ex-sailor out of San Diego whose explosive power and aggressiveness endeared him to even the most critical fight fans. If Sailor Bob tagged you with that right of his, it was all over.

But before you can tag 'em, you've got to find 'em. As this photo clearly shows, Murphy had one helluva time trying to find marvelously clever and elusive light heavyweight champion Joey Maxim during their title fight at Madison Square Garden. As Joey weaves inside and out of range, Murphy is so confused and frustrated that he blindly tries to land an impossible blow.

Back in his corner after the 13th round, Bob's seconds pleaded, "Bang him in the gut. He'll drop his guard. Then go for the head . . . "

Replied Sailor Bob through swollen lips, "This guy is like fighting an octopus." Which was exactly the conclusion drawn by the other 114 guys who tried to solve Joey Maxim during his long career.



HERE'S ONE FOR THE RECORD BOOKS

(August 15, 1938)

Would you believe it? Six brothers, all professional boxers, fighting on the *same* show! Better believe it, because it really happened.

Long ago at Baltimore's old Carlin Arena, the six Finazzo brothers, all hyped up and rarin' to grab a piece of fistic immortality, signed contracts to fight on the same card. Never before, or since, in the ensuing 53 years, has anything even close to this occurred.

From left: Sam, 27 years old, Joe, 26, Victor, 19, Eddie, 16, Jack, 21, and little John, 14. Victor fought one Buddy Taylor in the 10-round main event.

We would like to tell you more about that historic night in Baltimore, but, regrettably, this is all we could find. Hopefully, somebody reading this can fill in the blanks, such as which of the Finazzos won and which lost.

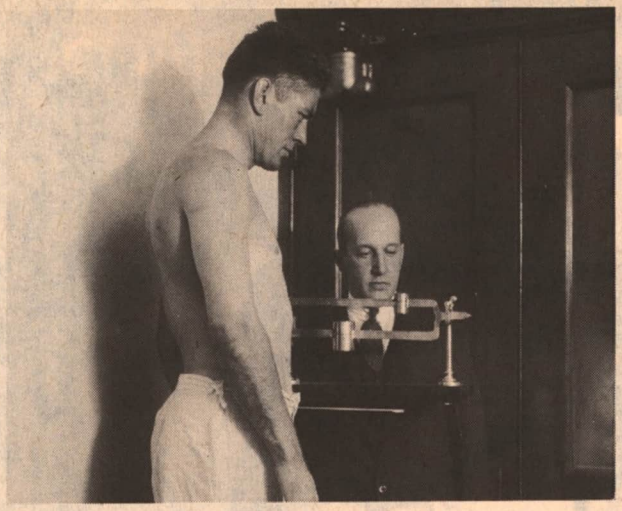
PAINTED BY JOE LOUIS

(June 20, 1940)

Works of art come in all forms, and artists use every conceivable kind of medium to express themselves: paint, stone, metal, cloth, even buffalo dung. Great fighters are also great artists, in their own unique way. They use leather gloves in place of brushes, and the clean faces of their victims in place of pure white canvas. The result is a violent kind of artwork.

Pictured here is the finished canvas by Joe Louis, proudly displayed by Chilean heavyweight contender Arturo Godoy. Louis worked on this portrait exactly 22 minutes and 24 seconds, at which point he was satisfied that every contusion, abrasion, incision, and inflammation on brave Arturo's face was in perfect balance and color harmony. A work of fine art, indeed, certainly worthy of hanging in any of the world's most prestigious museums.

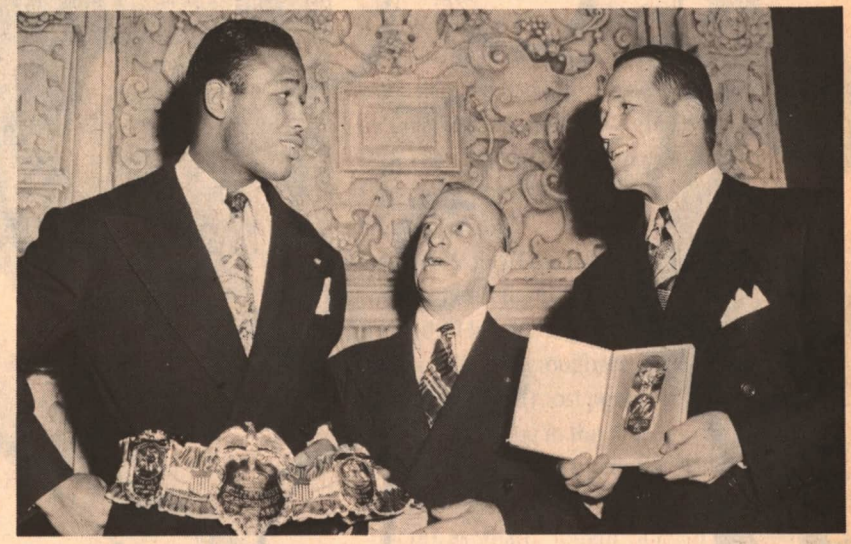
This picture of Godoy was taken in his Yankee Stadium dressing room after Louis stopped him in the eighth round of their second title bout. And remember, in their first fight, four months before, Arturo not only went the distance, but he made Louis look hopelessly inept throughout the bout with his crouching and weaving attacks. After Joe was awarded the title-retaining decision, the huge crowd roared its anger. In the rematch, however, there was no such difference of opinion.



WEIGHING IN—QUIETLY

(September 23, 1926)

That's challenger Gene Tunney weighing in for his first title fight with Jack Dempsey in Philadelphia. Wouldn't you think that for such an historic event, an army of media people and celebrities would be hanging from the rafters for a closer look at Gene and the scale? Yet Tunney and Pennsylvania Boxing Commission Chairman Fred Weiner are the only ones in sight. Incredible.



KUDOS TO A PAIR OF ACES

(January 16, 1947)

The Ring Editor Nat Fleischer, who also served as the president of the Boxing Writers Association, presents *The Ring* championship belt to welterweight king Sugar Ray Robinson and the 1946 Fighter of the Year Award to middleweight titlist Tony Zale at the Boxing Writers' annual banquet.

Fleischer had planned to publicly suggest that Robinson "take on a few pounds and challenge Tony for the 160-pound crown." But when Sugar's manager, George Gainford, was tipped off, he demanded Nat not even hint at such a wild idea.

"If you make that announcement, Nat," threatened Big George, "you'll look like a fool because it just ain't gonna happen." Unfortunately, Gainford was right. The two great champions faced each other outside the ring only.

UNTARNISHED GOLD

(April 3, 1991)

When Art Aragon was in his fighting prime, about 40 years ago, he was known the world over as "Golden Boy." It was such an appropriate handle that it became an official part of the Mexican-American's name. So much that he once remarked, "Many times, even when I'm signing contracts, I kind of forget my name is Aragon and I write 'Golden Boy.' "

Fighting out of Los Angeles as both a lightweight and welterweight over a span of 16 years (1944-1960), Art's brawling, never-say-die aggressiveness won him fanatical adoration from not only his compatriots, but also from every Yankee Doodle Dandy who called Southern California home.

So loyal were Golden Boy's army of supporters that world-class fighters lined up to face him on his home turf because it ensured a whopping payday.

This picture, taken by special *Ring* correspondent Abe Hochheiser, shows Aragon as he looks today, still handsome, still defiant, still supremely confident that he can lick any mother's son. And although Golden Boy is now 63, he firmly believes that were he to fight any current champion or top contender in Los Angeles, his army of true believers would still pack the joint.

But practical man that he is, Art knows he can't live on past glory. A licensed California bail bondsman, he earns a very comfortable living. (Get a load of that linen suit.)

"The problem is," Aragon says with a sly chuckle, "many times, when I sign a bail contract, I accidentally write 'Golden Boy.' "

THE JOEY GIARDELLO-BILLY GRAHAM

FIASCO

The Decision That Went To The *Real* Judges

They can't believe it! Trainer Joe Pollini and Joey Giardello react to the announcement that Billy Graham has been awarded the decision in an unprecedented reversal.

Gleaming with sweat, an exuberant Joey Giardello ran a hand through his sopping black hair. He had just realized a 15-year dream by snatching the middleweight crown from Dick Tiger, and now the reporters in Atlantic City's Convention Center buzzed around him, firing questions.

At one point, Giardello was asked, "Was this your toughest fight?" Without hesitating, Joey snorted, "Hell, no. My fights with Billy Graham were a helluva lot tougher. Graham was a better puncher than most people thought, and he could do anything in the ring."

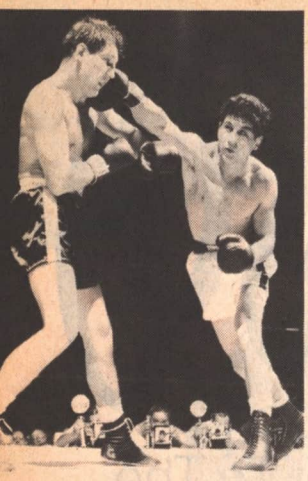
The answer stirred memories dating back to 1952 and 1953, when Joey, a lot younger (22), "but not as smart," fought Graham three times in seven months. Of the three bouts, the one he can't forget is the second, because he won it, lost it, and won it again in a welter of confusion unprecedented in boxing history.

If it hadn't been for the boiling row it churned up, that bout in New York's Madison Square Garden on December 19, 1952, would have been promptly forgotten as just another contest.

Instead, it nearly provoked a riot, brought howls of rage from compromised bookies, challenged the state's three-man officiating system, and finally went down in the books as The Great Double Reversal.

Graham, a clever welterweight from New York's East Side, hoped to kayo a jinx when he met Giardello for the second time. Of nine setbacks in 115 fights, he had lost eight (six of them hairline decisions) in his hometown.

His disputed split loss to Giardello in Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway the previous August had been a particularly bitter one because Billy had



Giardello reaches Graham with a right early in the bout. In their previous battle, Giardello had beaten his rival by split decision.

viewed the match as nothing more than a tuneup for a proposed welterweight title bout with Kid Gavilan.

Despite the loss, Graham came back as a solid 2-1 favorite, and the 3,228 fans in attendance leaned forward expectantly in hopes of seeing a savage revenge battle. But Billy disappointed them, starting off sluggishly, fanning the air with his punches, and letting Joey tag him with lefts and rights.

Graham didn't open up until the explosive fourth round, when he rocked Giardello with a booming right and then fired a barrage that had Joey on the verge of a knockout. But he failed to follow through, and Giardello got away.

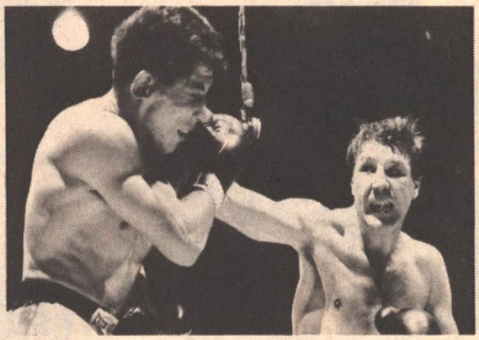
After that, except for a 10th-round flurry in which Graham appeared to have the edge, the fight settled into a grind, with the rounds so close that most could have been scored either way. After the final bell, most ringside reporters, along with many paying and TV customers, sharply differed with the judges, who awarded Giardello a split decision. In fact, the crowd exploded in protest when the verdict was announced, and for a moment the air was charged with menace, as the fans howled and pelted the ring with coins and wads of paper.

New York Athletic Commission Chairman Bob Christenberry declares Graham the winner after changing the card of judge Joe Agnello (top). Giardello and Graham ham it up with Christenberry in his office (above).

Some of them even rushed down to ringside, hurling abuse at the officials. One spectator lunged at referee Ray Miller as he left the ring. Miller and judge Joe Agnello had tabbed it 5-4-1 and 6-4, respectively, for Joey, while judge Charley Shortell had scored it 7-3 for Graham.

In the rising tumult, announcer Johnny Addie suddenly called for order, and, placing an arm around the disgruntled Graham, bawled into the mike, "The State Athletic Commission has authorized the announcement that this is an unofficial decision subject to review by the commission."

The hubbub subsided and the fans started leaving the arena. Most of them had already exited when Commission Chairman Bob Christenberry, having studied the cards with his commissioners behind the closed doors of a dressing room, came out a half-hour later and told reporters the decision had been reversed.



Graham strikes with a right in round two. When he met Giardello for the third time, in March 1953, he won a well-received decision.

Christenberry, together with Commissioner C.B. Powell, had changed judge Agnello's card.

"In the fourth round, which Graham won easily," Christenberry reported, "we gave him two points instead of the one allotted him by Agnello. The 10th round was also won by Graham, but Agnello gave it to Giardello. So we changed that.

"The result is that Agnello's card now reads five rounds for each fighter, instead of 6-4 for Giardello. By the point score, Graham now has seven points to six for Giardello, which makes him, by our official decision, the winner."

The other cards were not changed.

It was an extraordinary move that produced a burst of enthusiasm from Graham, who got the news in his dressing room.

"I won it! I won it!" he kept yelling. He had, he said, finally "beaten the jinx in this hard-luck town."

The cheer in Giardello's dressing room turned to gloom when news of the reversal arrived.

(Continued on page 59)

By Robert Cassidy

MIKE TYSON'S *fight for* GREATNESS

Can He Dethrone Holyfield And Capture History?

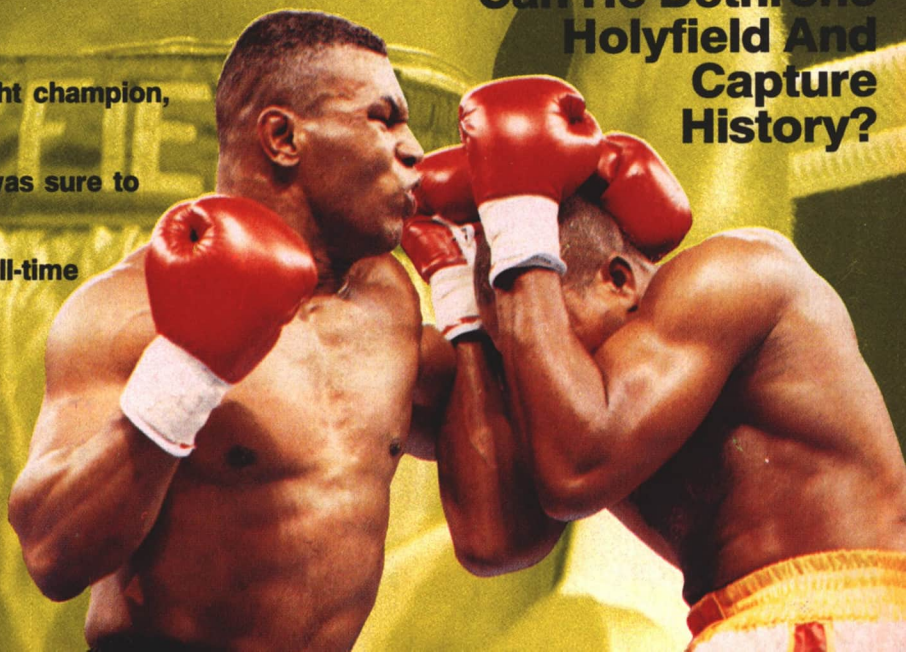
Just how bad is the self-proclaimed baddest man on the planet?

Over the last six months, that question, in one form or another, has been asked everywhere from city streetcorners to the board rooms of major corporations. The career of Mike Tyson has been discussed, dissected, and just plain *dissed* by boxing writers and their TV brethren. The debate over how far Tyson has fallen, or how much of his abilities he can recover, remains the biggest issue in boxing. For the answer, one only needs to witness his scheduled November 8 title fight against undisputed champion Evander Holyfield.

If Tyson, well-versed in boxing history, plans to punch his way into fistic immortality, his anticipated brawl with Holyfield will be the fight that secures his place. Should Tyson win, he will become only the fourth champion in boxing history to regain the heavyweight title.

"He would like nothing else but to go down in history with the old-time fighters," said Al Braverman, the director of boxing for Don King Productions.

As a 20-year-old heavyweight champion, Tyson was on a course that was sure to place him in the company of all-time heavyweight greats Muhammad Ali, Joe Louis, and



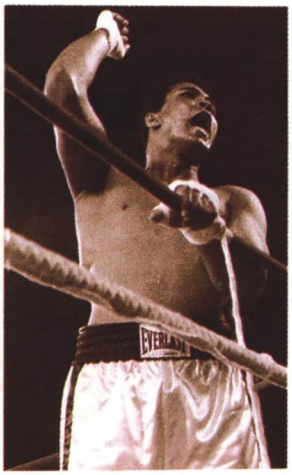
Rocky Marciano. For three years—1986 to 1989—Tyson was considered great, his title defenses formalities, his victories conclusive.

Three years, though, hardly qualifies one as a legend. Tyson was derailed, first by promoter Don King, who helped dismantle the original Team Tyson, and then by Buster Douglas. It wasn't long after Tyson forged an alliance with King that he turned against manager Bill Cayton and trainer Kevin Rooney. Gone was any semblance of discipline, and the heightened savagery of his attack seemed to drop a degree. The loss to Douglas, the only one of Tyson's career, was a culmination of the changes Tyson himself had demanded.

In Holyfield, Tyson will be confronted with an opponent who will not be in the ring to survive, but one whose will to win has carried him through several crucial fights. By heavyweight standards, Holyfield sets a frantic pace. Tyson must be prepared to follow it, or have the power to change it. The champion, who is unbeaten and in the midst of his prime, is more dangerous than any of Tyson's previous 41 opponents. He brings more risk to Tyson than a five-speed Lamborghini and a stretch of open highway.

Trevor Berbick, Pinklon Thomas, Tony Tucker, and a 38-year-old Larry Holmes were never accurate barometers of how great Tyson was or could be. Not even Michael Spinks, for all the hype and expectation he brought to his showdown with Tyson, allowed us to properly judge the bully of Brownsville. But on many occasions, Holyfield has displayed the fire that previously burned inside of Tyson.

It is an opinion shared by many (except, probably, the supporters of



For Tyson (below, vs. Razor Ruddock) to secure a lasting greatness, he must whip Evander Holyfield. Joe Louis became a legend when he kayoed Max Schmeling (left). Muhammad Ali told us he was the greatest after he upset George Foreman (far left). Rocky Marciano overcame a split nose to knock out Ezzard Charles (bottom left).

Rocky Marciano and Julio Cesar Chavez) that a fighter must lose before he can become great. Ali and Louis lost, as did both Sugar Rays, Robinson and Leonard. And after the initial shock subsided following Tyson's loss to Douglas, there was a curious anticipation concerning "Mighty Mike's" rebound. How would Tyson handle the first setback of his career? How would he handle failure?

"I don't think you can tell yet," said Angelo Dundee. "If one of my kids lost early on in his career, I felt good about it because they learned how to handle it. Tyson should benefit from it. But he hasn't shown it yet, because he's so introverted."

If there is something unsettled in Tyson's psyche, he is concealing it well. Outwardly, the former champion came back from defeat just as confident as he was before. In the ring, he scored consecutive first-round knockouts over Henry Tillman and Alex Stewart. Those fights, though, might as well have been reruns of his bouts against Marvis Frazier and Carl Williams. Tyson was ferocious, but the opposition wasn't. His two fights with Razor Ruddock, however, were different in that there were brief moments when Tyson could have been knocked out. The 19 rounds he spent trying to decapitate, or emasculate, Ruddock have garnered both praise and criticism.

(Interestingly, many experts said Ali was not the same fighter after his return from a three-year exile and a subsequent loss to Joe Frazier. All he went on to do was beat Frazier twice, Ken Norton twice, George Foreman, Ron Lyle, and Earnie Shavers.)

"I looked at Tyson's old films and there are some things he doesn't do," Braverman said. "But the competition [Ruddock] is much keener and tough-

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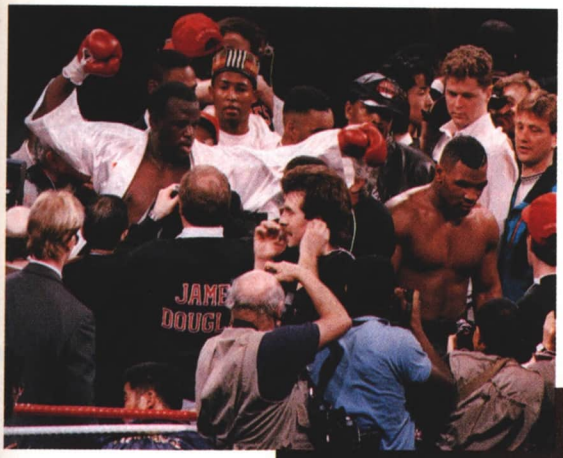


Tyson managed to floor Buster Douglas in Tokyo (below), but two rounds later, he was a loser for the first time in his career (left). World champion Holyfield, (bottom, vs. George Foreman) remains unbeaten. Tyson obviously represents his toughest test.

LENNOX LEWIS' FIRST TOUGH FIGHT

Winning The Respect Of His Countrymen

By Joseph C. Tintle

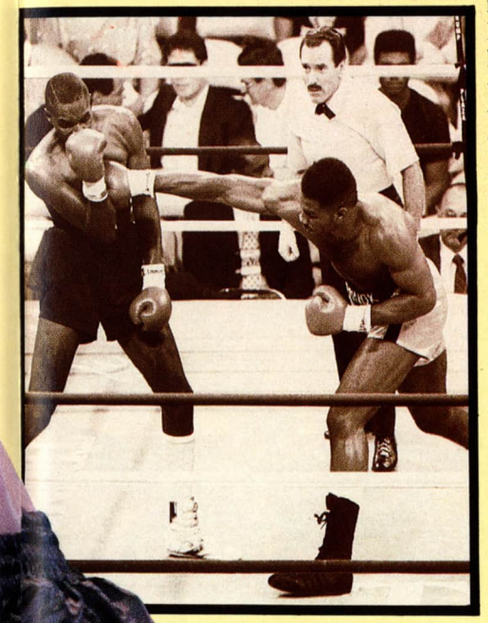
English fight fans may be tired of hearing all the jokes about their "horizontal heavyweights," but they're the first to admit that every time they find someone who looks like he can pose a threat to the existing titleholder, he always lets them down.

Throughout the years, Henry Cooper rates as their biggest disappointment. "Our 'Enery," as the British affectionately referred to him, could fight. But when he faced Muhammad Ali in 1966 for the world heavyweight title, he was rendered a bloody pulp. Though his countrymen were devastated, they still held out hope for the heavyweights who followed: Joe Bugner, Frank Bruno, and Gary Mason. None of them came through.

It seems that as soon as the British discover a prospect amongst them, they inevitably rush him toward a title shot. You can't blame them for their sense of urgency. After all, Bob Fitzsimmons was the last of their countrymen to hold the heavyweight title.

Almost a century later, the British have turned to Lennox Lewis, the 1988 Olympic gold medalist. He might not prove to be the man they're looking for. But if he doesn't win the title, it won't be because he was rushed into something he wasn't ready for.

The British aren't exactly having an unabashed love affair with the 26-year-old. To begin with, they don't care for him splitting his time between England, where he was born, and Canada, which he represented in the Olympics. (Lewis moved to Canada with his mother at age 12.) Mainly, though, they think Lewis' ring development has been too slow, that he should be fighting more challenging opponents. After all, Riddick Bowe, whom Lewis beat in the 1988 Olympic super heavyweight gold medal match, is now considered a viable contender, but as of yet, Lewis isn't. And it mattered not that in July, Lewis, 16-0 (14), knocked out Mike Weaver with a single punch; Weaver was 39 and washed up.



Lewis' first high profile bout in the United States was a sixth-round kayo of 39-year-old Mike Weaver (opposite page). In July 1989, Lewis stopped Bruce Johnson in two rounds (above). Team Lewis includes manager Frank Maloney and trainer John Davenport, wearing the hat (right).

John Davenport, who moved from New Jersey to England to train Lewis, insists that despite the criticism, he won't allow his heavyweight to fight for the title before he is ready.

"Lennox needs more work," he says. "But you don't learn by going right after the top contenders. You learn from facing a Mike Weaver. A fighter who was good in his day, but is now on the downside."

Against Weaver, Lewis was able to better pace himself than in recent fights. But there were moments when it seemed he could have belted out the former WBA champion a lot sooner than he did.

"I was conservative," Lewis admitted. "I went in not wanting to take that extra chance. It was only my second fight in America, and I didn't want to be the victim of a sucker left hook. Our plan was for me to go out and back Weaver up with the jab."

Lewis did precisely that, whistling left after left into his opponent's face. Weaver's reflexes are long gone, and he was a willing target, almost never moving his head. It looked so easy for Lewis that the fight became a dull, one-sided affair. But in round six, Lewis gave ringsiders what they wanted. After Weaver dropped his guard for an instant, Lewis shot an overhand right to the left side of the jaw. The force of the blow sent Weaver crashing to the canvas, where he was counted out.

Though the bout ended in swift, brutal fashion, the criticism of Lewis will undoubtedly rage on. But it doesn't seem to bother him.

"I get criticized more than most because I'm getting my pro education on [mostly British] television," he said. "Sure, I'm making mistakes. But when you learn your business in front of a television audience, you're going to hear about it. But I'll have my day."

Lewis and Davenport believe that after November 8, that day will come sooner, rather than later. After world champion Evander Holyfield and number-one contender Mike Tyson square off, the division will be in a sharper focus, and the young contenders, like Lewis, Bowe, and the winner of the Ray Mercer-Tommy Morrison rumble, will be ready to make their moves. That's one of the reasons Lewis' management team plans to shift the fighter's training camp to the United States. The relocation will help maneuver Lewis into title fight position and away from the distracting criticism of the British tabloids. He'll have better access to quality sparring partners, and be much closer to New York City, the media capital of the world.

"Lennox should have started his pro career in America," said Davenport. "This is where the publicity geniuses are, where the big TV exposure is. They don't publicize or push a fighter in England the way they do here."

After the Weaver fight, Lewis returned to England, where he will defend the British and European titles against former IBF cruiserweight champion Glenn McCrory in September. No one expects McCrory to last the distance. Nonetheless, Davenport

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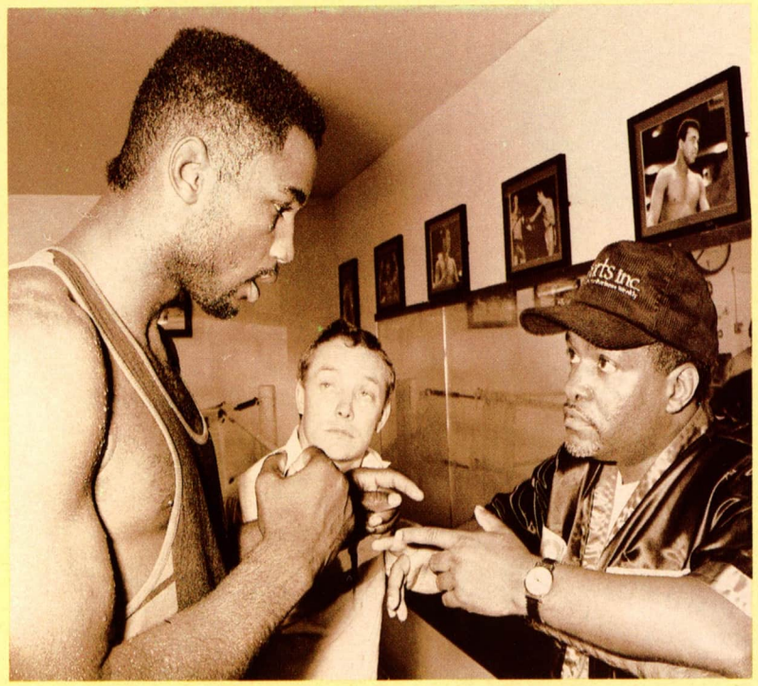
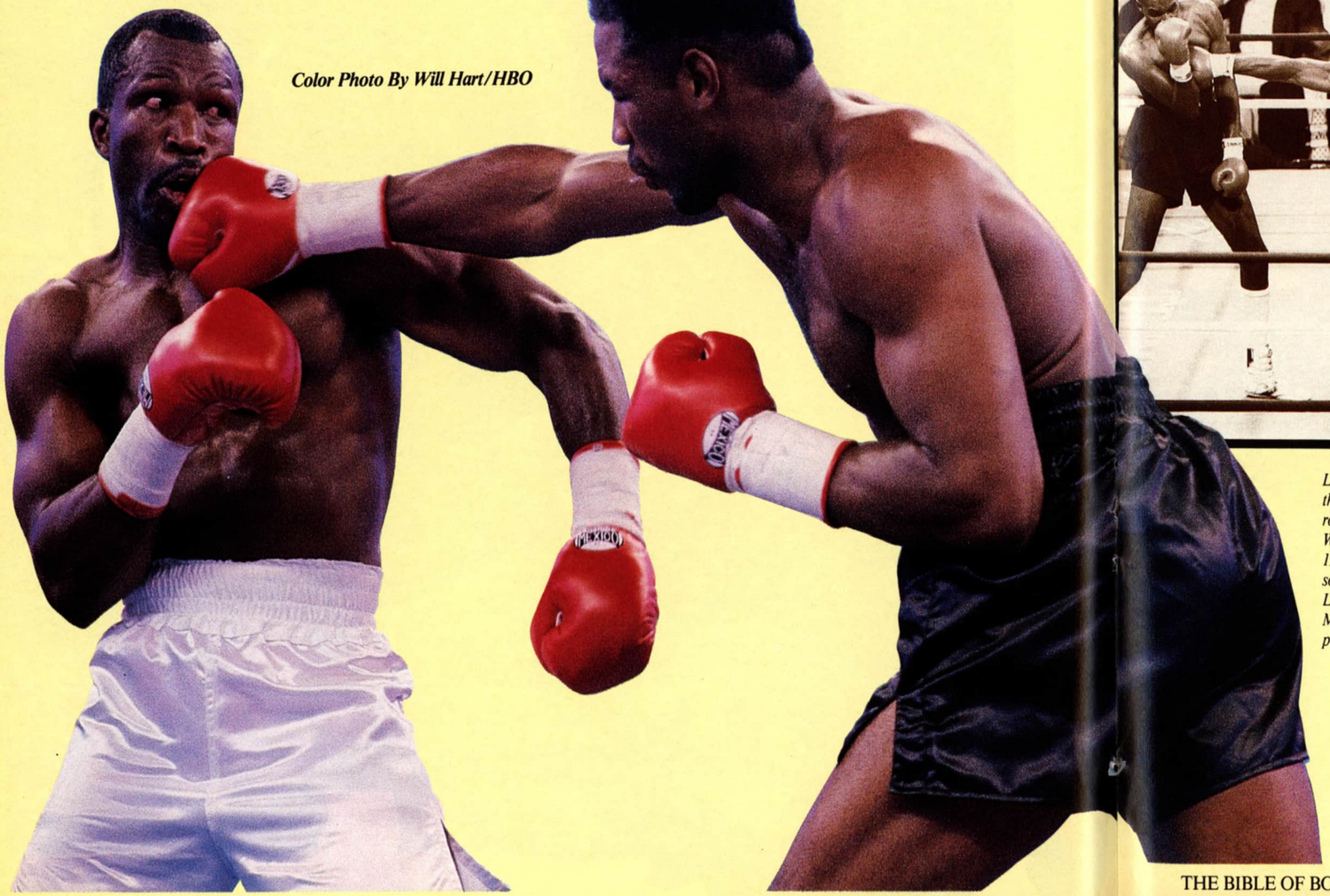
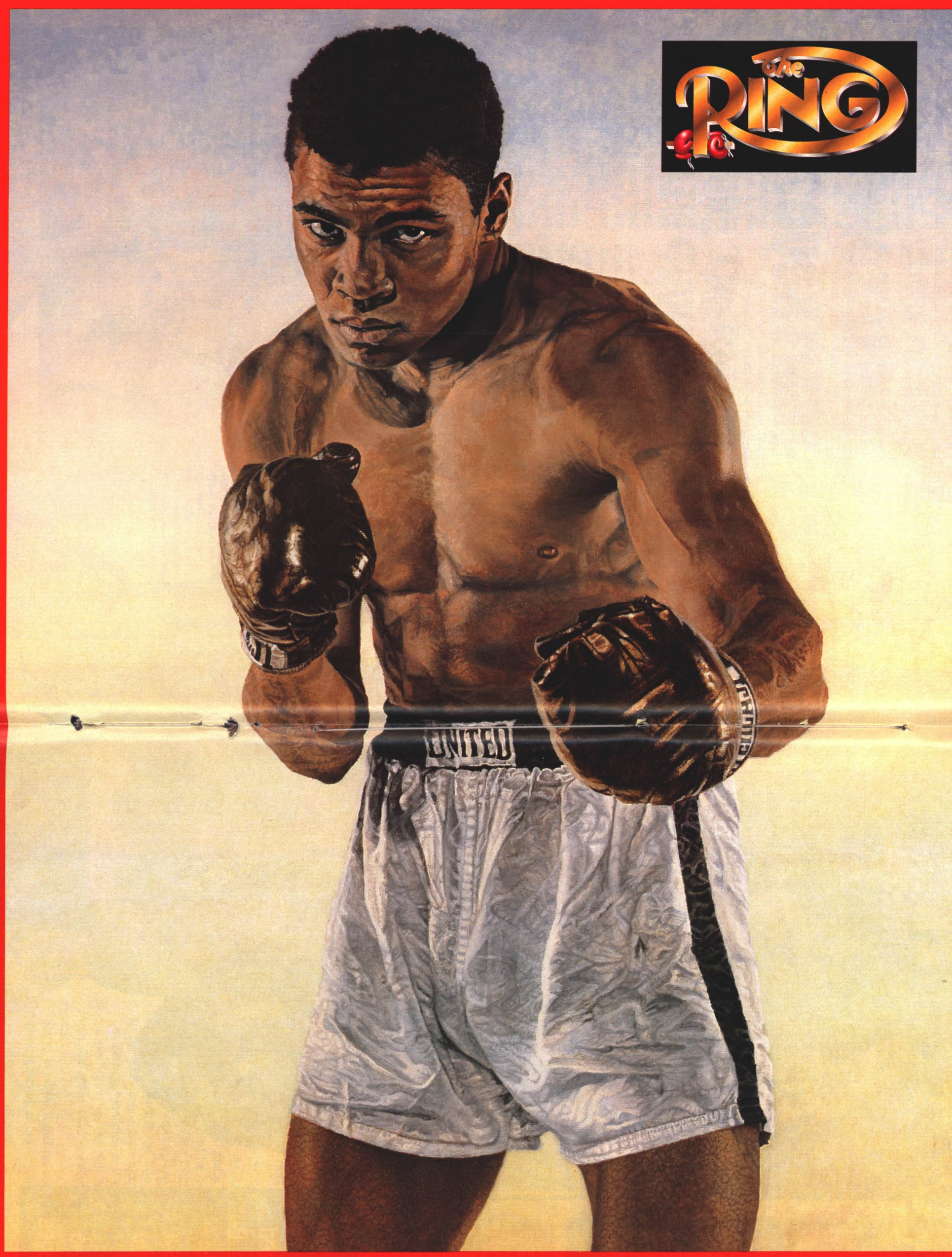




Color Photo By Will Hart/HBO



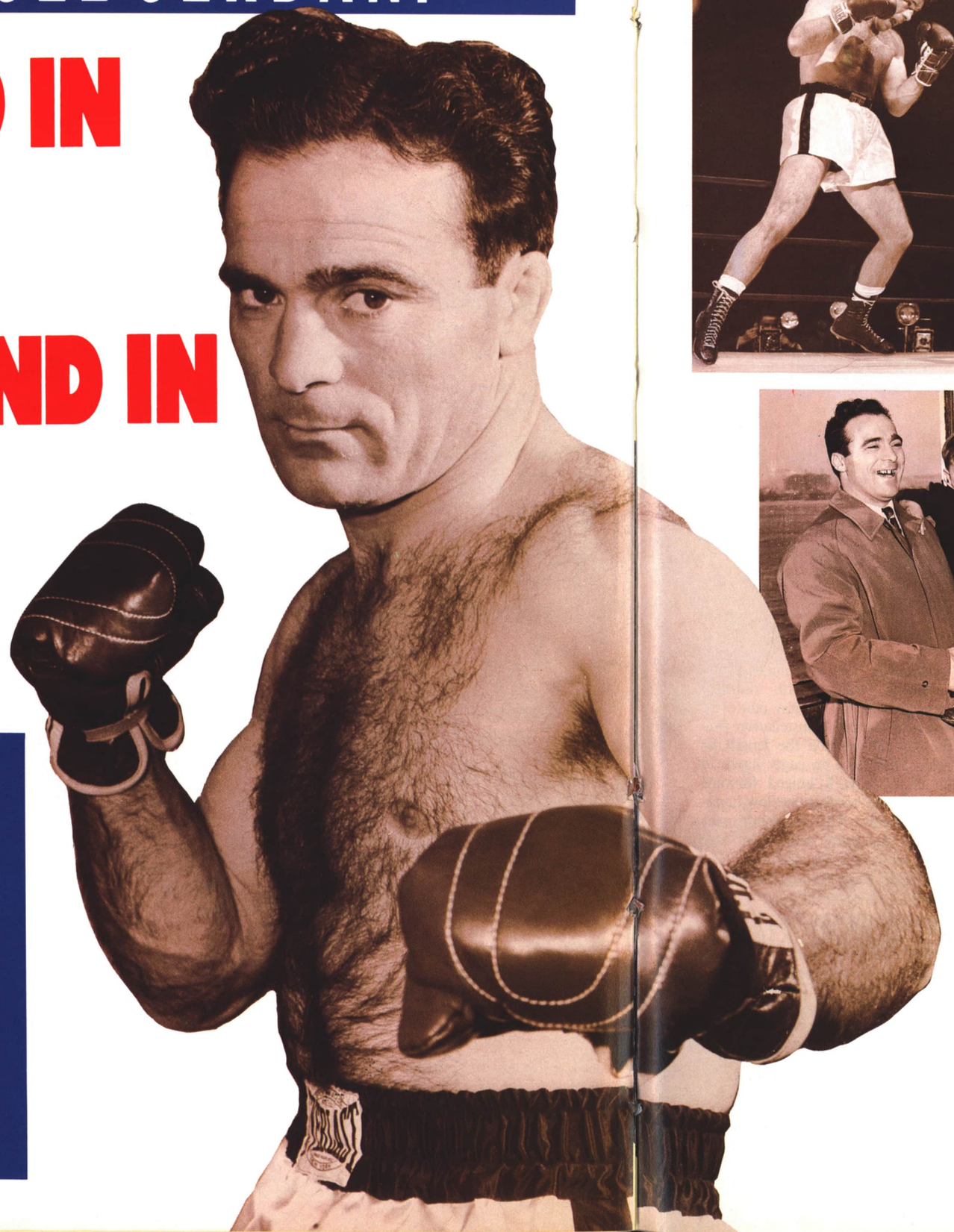
MUHAMMAD ALI

Three-Time Heavyweight Champion Of The World

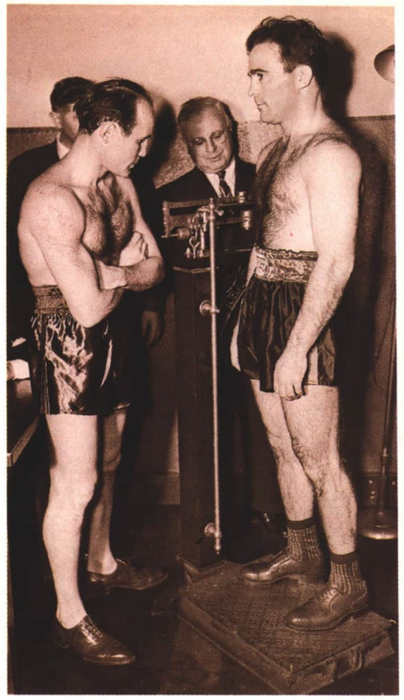
TKO 7 Sonny Liston (February 25, 1964)
KO 8 George Foreman (October 30, 1974)
W 15 Leon Spinks (September 15, 1978)

MARCEL CERDAN:

A HERO IN LIFE, A LEGEND IN DEATH



To some he was a great prize fighter. To others he symbolized the glory of France. But to the whole world, Marcel Cerdan was a champion cast in the image of Ketchel, Greb, and Walker—a champion for the ages



Cerdan weighs in for his American debut, a middleweight bout against Georgie Abrams in December 1946 (above). The Frenchman won on points. Cerdan and Zale trade during their September 1948 world title fight, won by Cerdan in the 12th round (above left). Cerdan and family arrive in America (left). From left: Renee, 2, wife Marionette, and Marcelle, 3.

Part I

The night of October 27, 1949, was clear along the shore, but up on the high ground, along the Atlantic coasts of the United States, France, and North Africa, an uncomfortable, chilly rain hung. It did not interfere with transportation, but it caused nervous passengers, waiting to board their planes, to ask silly questions of harried flight personnel. They were assured that there could not possibly be any trouble, and that all flights would be routine.

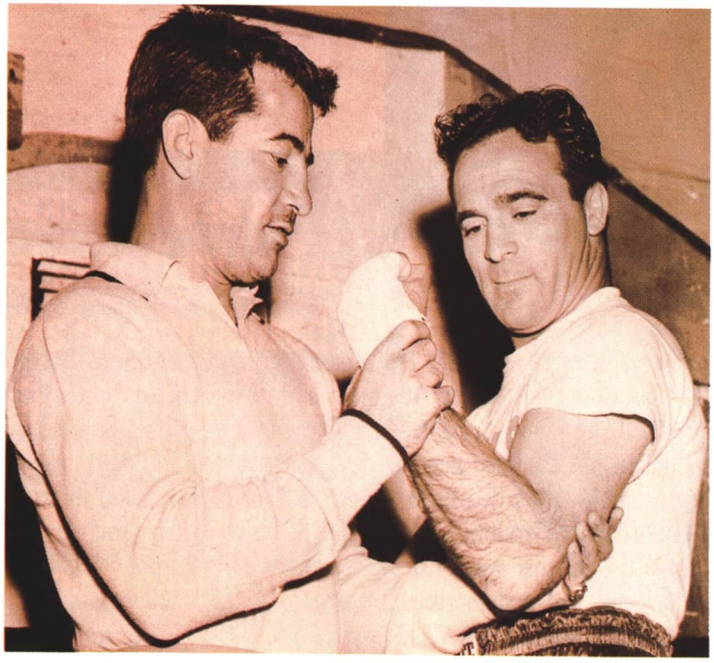
In Paris, the weather was brisk but calm. At Orly Airport, a taxicab hurtled up to the gates and a man raced from it to the Air France desk.

"I'm Bernard Manischewitz," he announced, "and my papers are in order. I have a reservation on the New York flight."

From the apron outside, he could hear the final warmup of huge airplane engines.

"Sorry, Monsieur," said the man at the desk with a shrug, "you are too late. The plane is leaving at this very moment. You will have to take the next flight."

Cerdan with visitors at his training camp in September 1949, one month before his death (above). Manager Jo Longman is at far left. Former middleweight champion Rocky Graziano pays a visit to the Frenchman (below).



Manischewitz, a prominent New York banker, walked with slumped shoulders to the observation platform. He watched the big Constellation pull off the apron and taxi the length of the field. Then, like an eager hawk in pursuit of it prey, it lunged forward and pulled itself toward the low-hanging gray clouds. The American was startled by the great roar that rose from the crowd on the platform. The throng seemed large for such a routine takeoff.

"Was there someone special on the plane?" Manischewitz asked a bystander.

"Special?" the Frenchman laughed. "Monsieur, the most important man in France is on that airplane! Marcel Cerdan, the great prize fighter. He is on his way to fight your Jake LaMotta and win back his middleweight championship!"

The American watched the plane disappear into the clouds. Now he was doubly sorry to have missed the plane. He would have liked to meet the fam-

(Continued on page 62)

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THE LEONARD-HEARNS SHOWDOWN: TEN YEARS LATER

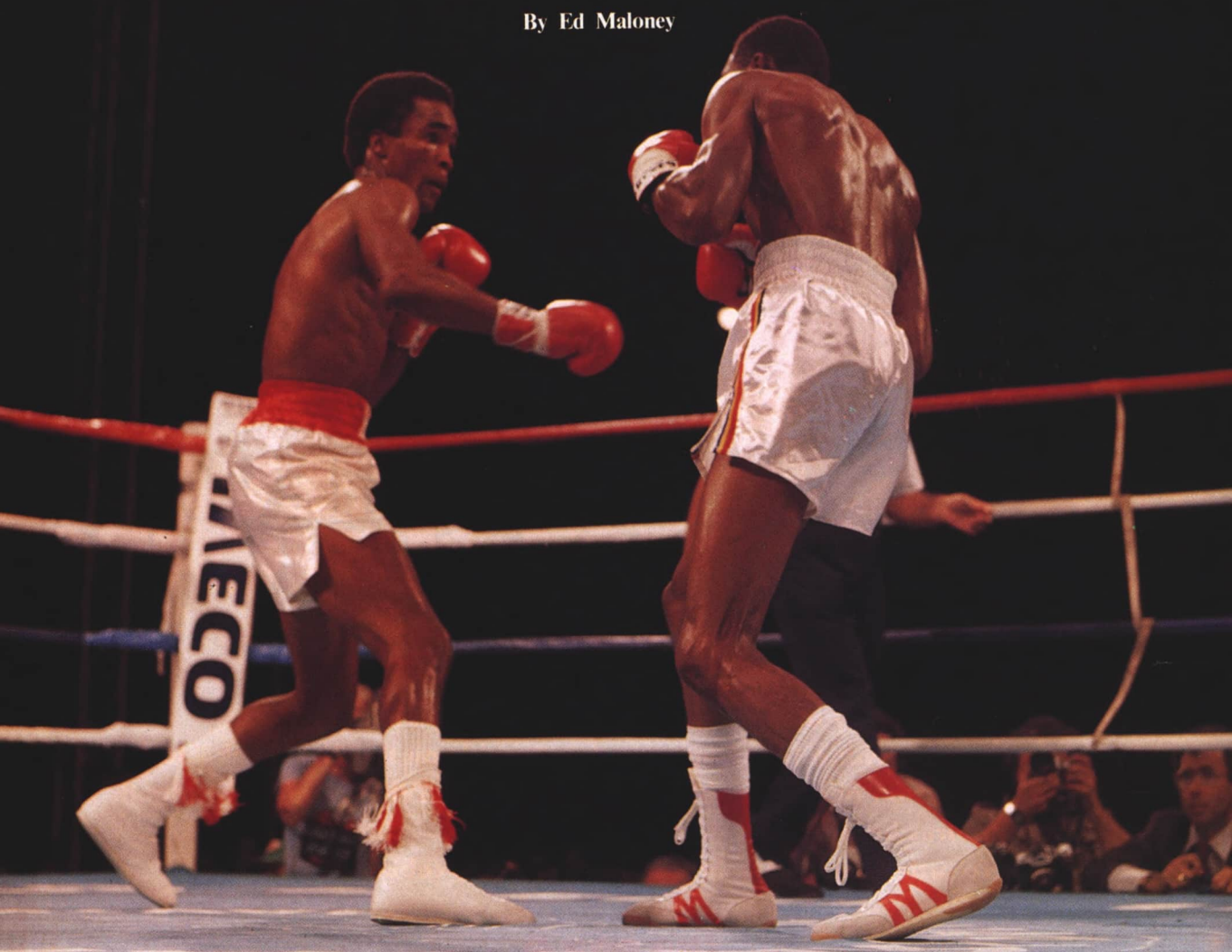
By Ed Maloney

Ever since the first Ali-Frazier fight, promoters have felt compelled to give every big bout a heading. More times than not, this marketing technique does not guarantee a quality fight. A "War By The Shore" usually ends up as a bore by the shore. But the few fights that lived up to their headings also live in our memories. We've had the "Thrilla in Manila," the "Rumble In The Jungle," the "Brawl In Montreal," and, when Sugar Ray Leonard first met Thomas Hearns, "The Showdown."

The welterweight unification bout between WBC champion Leonard and WBA titlist "Hit Man" Hearns, fought on September 16, 1981, at Caesars Palace, wasn't just a contest to determine the best 147-pounder in the world. Also at stake was the unofficial title of boxing's best pound-for-pound fighter.

It was a showdown five years in the making. Both fighters had enjoyed prolific amateur careers before each turned pro in 1977. Leonard, from Palmer Park, Maryland, won a gold medal at the 1976 Olympics. Hearns, from Detroit, Michigan, won several national amateur titles. And within four years of turning pro, each owned one-half of the welterweight crown.

Early in their respective careers, the fans of Leonard and Hearns started clamoring for a showdown.

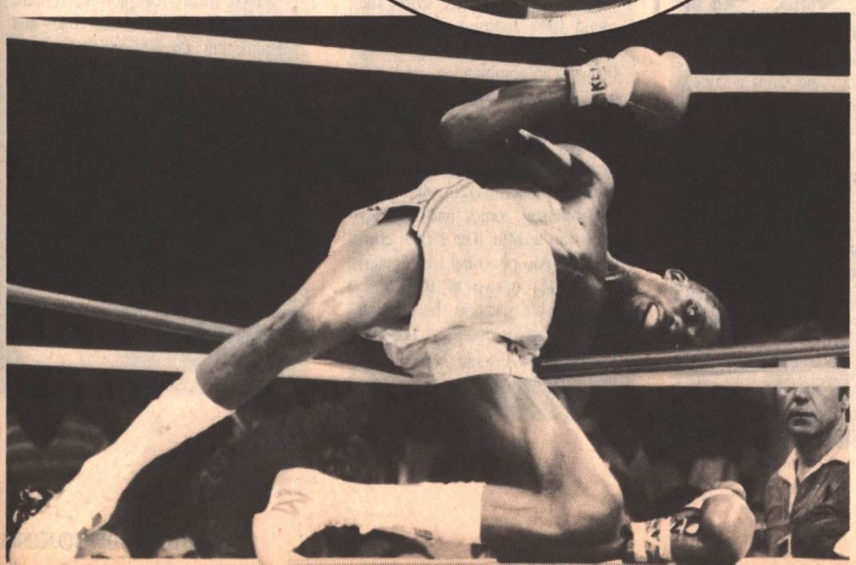


The Last Great Welter War

Photo By David Lee Waite

"After a while," said Emanuel Steward, who trained Hearns, "it seemed that after every fight in Detroit, there would be someone screaming, 'Just wait until you get to Sugar, he'll take care of you!' And the same thing would happen to Ray. 'Just wait 'til the Hit Man gets a hold of you, pretty boy.' "

The rivals sparred once in 1977. The matchup would have made a great fight at that time, but Leonard's trainer, Angelo Dundee, didn't consider Hearns in Sugar Ray's *pretitle* plans.



As "The Showdown" unfolded, the co-champions played role reversal, with Leonard turning into the powerpuncher (above). His aggressiveness cost him, however, as this late-rounds photo suggests (right). In the end, Hearns, ahead on points, was overcome by fatigue and Sugar Ray's furious fists (below).

"Hearns was good," said Dundee. "He had a terrific foundation as an amateur. I knew he'd be a good fighter."

In November 1980, Leonard avenged his only loss when Roberto Duran quit in the eighth round of their rematch. The following June, Sugar Ray stopped Ayub Kalule to win the WBA junior middleweight title. But his detractors remained.

Upon turning pro, the flashy Leonard's career was carefully orchestrated. Dundee picked the opponents, and adviser Mike Trainer built up a Madison Avenue image. Sugar Ray was called a product of television. Others derided him as a poor man's Ali, who dared to call himself "Sugar" Ray. He needed to be humbled, they said. No one could be that good.

Hearns, on the other hand, appealed to the blue collar fans, especially in Detroit. He quietly stopped all but two of his 32 opponents in businesslike fashion. The Hit Man's reputation was enhanced when he won the WBA crown with a chilling second-round kayo of Mexican tough guy Pipino Cuevas. At welterweight, all that was left for the co-champions was to fight each other.

The titlists were hardly strangers. In 1976, Leonard had worked out at the Kronk Gym while training for the Eastern Regional Olympic Trials.

"Outside of his hometown, Ray's biggest following was probably in Detroit," said Steward. "After he won the gold medal in Montreal, he came back to Detroit and was given the key to the city. We all traveled in the same circles back then. We were in Washington, D.C., a lot and we'd all bump into each other at discos and restaurants.

"That's the time that the friction started. It came down to bragging rights in each guy's hometown."

Once the camps moved to Las Vegas, the tension grew.

"It was a very emotional fight for the two camps," Steward continued. "I almost got into a fistfight with Ray at one of the prefight press conferences."

The fighters, who would clash in an oven-hot outdoor stadium, with the temperature near 100 degrees, were evenly matched, and the bettors were split. At fight time, the odds were close to pick-'em, with Leonard a 6-5 favorite at one sports book, and Hearns a 6-5 favorite at another.

(Continued on page 70)

THE RING ALL-TIME COMPUTER TOURNAMENT

THIS MONTH: THE HEAVYWEIGHTS

Boxing fans are forever debating the relative merits of the greatest champions in history. While ***The Ring's*** *exclusive computer tournaments aren't intended to answer all arguments, we're sure you'll find them entertaining—and as realistic as is possible.*

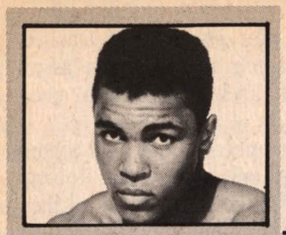
The idea is simple: Editor-in-Chief Steve Farhood, working in conjunction with tournament adviser Patrick Premo and computer programmer Jim Trunzo, chooses and matches eight champions per division. Using the program he developed for Lance Haffner Games, Trunzo then runs the 15-round matchups through his computer.

Lance Haffner's TKO Professional Boxing Game is a computer simulation of the sport of boxing. The program runs in compiled basic and consists of several thousand lines of code. More than two dozen routines and subroutines cross-check such factors as ring position, the fighters' physical condition, accumulated damage, status of cuts, and special strategy, if any, that is used. In addition, almost 100 variables are constantly monitored during a given fight.

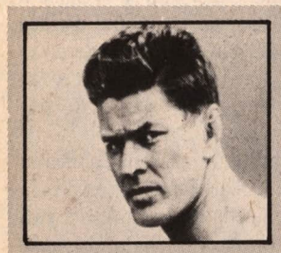
The fighters have been rated in more than 30 categories, including obvious ones, like defense, punching accuracy, strength of chin, hitting power, and ring generalship. Less obvious, but equally important areas, that are factored into each fight are ability to take punishment over the course of a fight, susceptibility to cuts, ability to counterpunch, relative ability to cope with different styles, and the level of competition faced during a career.

The rest is up to your imagination.

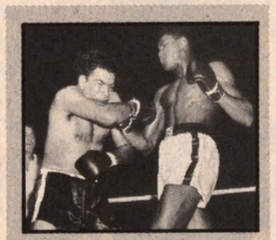
THE QUARTERFINALS



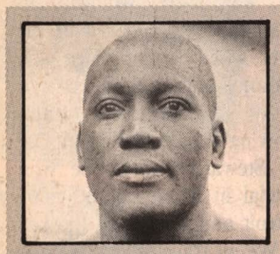
Muhammad Ali: Transcended the ring and became the world's most famous man . . . An Olympic gold medalist in 1960 . . . First won title as Cassius Clay, stopping Sonny Liston in February 1964 . . . Regained title twice (a record), in 1974 (vs. George Foreman) and 1978 (vs. Leon Spinks) . . . Combined incredible speed with unlimited heart . . . Record: 56-5 (37).



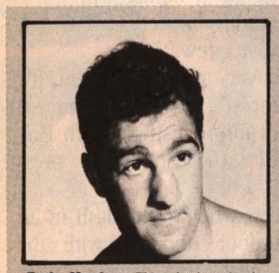
Gene Tunney: Gained prominence as a light heavy, engaging in five bouts vs. the legendary Harry Greb . . . A master boxer . . . Won heavyweight title by outfinessing Jack Dempsey in September 1926 . . . Made two defenses, again decisioning Dempsey and stopping Tom Heeney, before retiring . . . Record: 77-1-3 (45), with one no-contest and one no-decision.



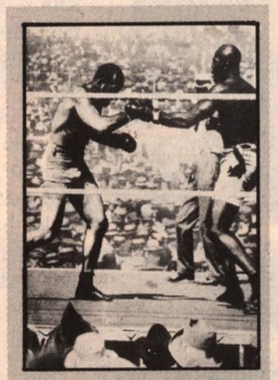
Ali-Tunney: The master boxers jab carefully and wait for counter chances. Ali is unaccustomed to facing a fighter who can nearly match him in jabs and hand speed. A combination stuns Ali in the fourth, and "The Greatest" becomes tentative. He rebounds by the eighth, during which he scores with a right-left that hurts Tunney. A hook and followup combo almost floors Tunney in the 10th, but he comes back with a big overhand right. Ali rallies in the last two rounds, landing a high percentage. Scoring: 143-139, 144-142, and 142-141. **Ali by unanimous decision.**



Jack Johnson: The first black heavyweight champion, which enraged most fans . . . Tall (6'1¼") and strong, but utilized defense and speed to frustrate foes . . . Won title by kayoing Tommy Burns in December 1908 . . . Made six defenses, including knockouts of Stanley Ketchel and Jim Jeffries, before losing to Jess Willard . . . Record: 86-10-11 (40).

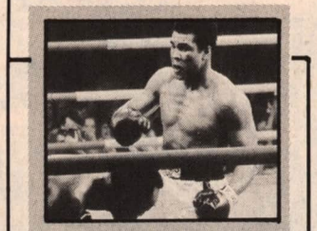


Rocky Marciano: The only champion in history who never lost a fight . . . A short (5'10¼") slugger whose stamina and strength wore down opponents . . . Won title with a stunning one-punch, come-from-behind kayo of Joe Walcott in September 1952 . . . Made six defenses, including stoppages of Walcott, Ezzard Charles, and Archie Moore . . . Record: 49-0 (43).



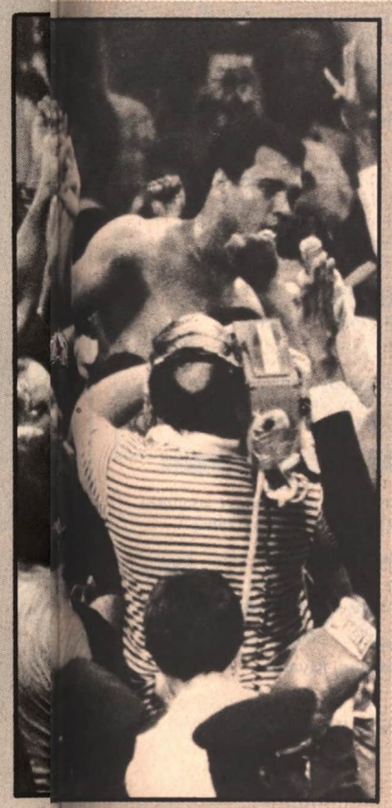
Johnson-Marciano: Johnson makes the Rock miss badly, but in the third, Marciano lands a hook, and his followup right scores a knockdown. Johnson trades in the fourth and outpunches his foe two-to-one. Trying to get inside, Marciano suffers cuts above and under his left eye. From rounds six to nine, Johnson, boxing with a split lip and bloody nose, controls the ring. In the 10th, he rocks Marciano with an uppercut and pours in seven more punches. The referee steps in at the 2:47 mark, with Johnson ahead on all cards. The fans boo the stoppage. **Johnson by 10th-round TKO.**

THE SEMIFINALS



Ali-Johnson: A purist's delight, but not a fight for those who prefer knockout sluggers. After a round of probing, both fighters decide they must respect each other's speed and mobility. They move slowly and punch with precision, landing 50 percent of their blows. Ali hurts Johnson in the fourth, and one of the judges scores the round 10-8. Johnson rebounds to take the fifth and sixth, punching first and in combination, and cutting Ali at the corner of the left eye. There are few meaningful exchanges, but the fans are hypnotized by the skills on display. Ali captures the 11th, 12th, and 13th, but Johnson comes back aggressively in the 14th. The 15th is critical, and Ali, punching freely, wins the round on two of the cards. The fans are silent as the decision is announced. Scoring: 145-143, 145-144, and 144-143 for Ali. **Ali by unanimous decision.**

THE FINAL



Ali-Louis: Louis answers the opening bell without expression; Ali dances and shouts and smiles to the fans. He seems looser than he was for the Tunney and Johnson fights. Ali jabs, but is troubled by Louis' jab. The "Brown Bomber" is intent on firing his left in an effort to move Ali to the ropes. Louis is successful early, but in the third, Ali boxes brilliantly and scores with counters. They trade in the fourth, with Ali taking Louis' best shots. A right buckles Louis' knees in the eighth, but while Ali is more accurate, Louis is beginning to outwork him. Louis takes command in the championship rounds, pinning Ali against the ropes and punching strongly to the midsection. Ali recovers in the 14th, and, at the start of the 15th, waves Louis toward him. They trade for a breathtaking stretch, with Ali slipping most of Louis' bombs. Ali then hammers Louis with a right-hook-right combo and scores the bout's only knockdown. It is enough to secure him the decision. Scoring: 144-142, 144-141, and 144-143. **Ali is the winner and champion by unanimous decision.**

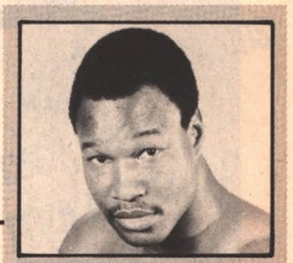
THE FINAL

THE SEMIFINALS

Dempsey-Louis: Dempsey's plan is to catch his slow-starting foe off-guard, and he tries for a quick kayo. He is caught by a right, however, and crashes. He rises quickly, but is badly hurt. Only his guts allow him to hear the round's bell. With 30 seconds left in the second, Dempsey exacts revenge, dropping an overaggressive Louis with a wide hook. They stand and trade from the third to the seventh, with neither willing to clinch or retreat. Louis is hurt twice in the eighth, but Dempsey is punching less frequently. He suffers a cut over the left eye in the 11th, and Louis jabs to widen the wound. Dempsey makes his last stand in the 12th, and Louis bleeds badly from his bottom lip. In the 13th, two jabs and a right drop the "Manassa Mauler," who is counted out at the 57-second mark. Louis is ahead on two cards, with the third even. **Louis by 13th-round kayo.**

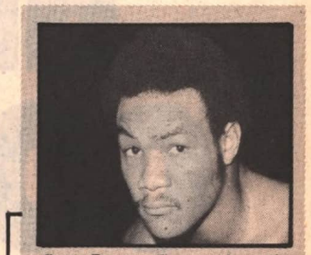
THE QUARTERFINALS

Jack Dempsey: A former hobo and free spirit who symbolized the Roaring Twenties . . . Learned how to fight in western mining towns, and developed a ferocious, two-fisted style . . . Won title via brutal third-round kayo of Jess Willard in July 1919 . . . Made only five successful defenses in seven years . . . Was dethroned by Gene Tunney . . . Record: 64-6-9 (49).

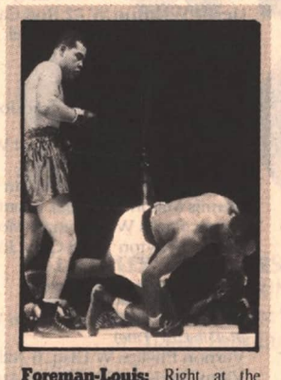


Larry Holmes: Is now 41 and engaging in a comeback . . . Emerged from the shadow of Ali, and became a brilliant champion . . . Boxed well and pumped one of division's best jabs . . . Won title by edging Ken Norton in June 1978 . . . Made 20 successful defenses, second only to Joe Louis . . . Unbeaten until he lost crown to Michael Spinks . . . Record: 49-3 (35).

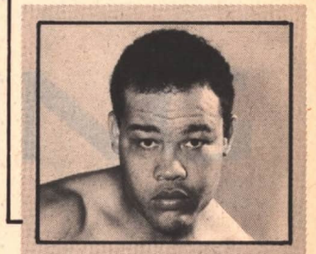
Dempsey-Holmes: Bigger and faster, Holmes jabs often. His lateral movement frustrates Dempsey, who can't force him to retreat. Dempsey scores with consistency for the first time in the sixth, then rallies in the eighth, buckling Holmes' knees with a right. In the ninth, a right uppercut sends Dempsey across the ring. But he continues his rally in the 10th and 11th, and late in the 12th, he strikes with a left-right that drops Holmes. Dempsey's followup is relentless. The referee intervenes at the 2:45 mark, with a defenseless Holmes ahead on all cards. **Dempsey by 12th-round TKO.**



George Foreman: First career began after gold medal at 1968 Olympics . . . Stood 6'4", scaled 220, and intimidated most foes . . . Won 37 straight fights, then, in January 1973, destroyed Joe Frazier to take title . . . Made two defenses before being stopped by Ali . . . Retired in 1977 and returned in 1987 . . . Now 42 and still active . . . Record: 69-3 (65).



Foreman-Louis: Right at the start, the sluggers launch rights, and Foreman lands first. Boom! Felled after 12 seconds, Louis rises and slips Big George's followup shots. He then hurts Foreman at the end of a fantastic first round. Foreman strikes again in the second, but begins to miss often. Both clinch frequently. In the fourth, Foreman is tired, and Louis connects with a hook. Boom! Foreman beats the count, but a combo floors him again. In the fifth, a counter right drops Foreman. He again beats the count, but the fight is halted at the 1:00 mark. **Louis by fifth-round TKO.**



Joe Louis: Among most popular boxers ever . . . Featured a power jab and devastating right cross . . . Won title by kayoing Jim Braddock in June 1937 . . . Made a record 25 defenses, despite losing four years to World War II . . . Among his victims: Max Schmeling, Billy Conn, and Joe Walcott . . . Vacated title, then made comeback . . . Record: 63-3 (49).

Summary

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Mike Tyson W 12 Razor Ruddock
Riddick Bowe KO 2 Rodolfo Marin
Lennox Lewis KO 6 Mike Weaver
Tommy Morrison KO 1 Ladislao Mijangos
Michael Moorer KO 3 Levi Billups
Alex Garcia KO 2 Jerry Goff
Joe Hipp KO 1 Cleveland Woods
Joe Hipp KO 1 Bill Duncan
Bonecrusher Smith KO 2 Terry Armstrong
West Turner KO 2 Sammy Scaff
Dave Dixon KO 5 Clarence Williams

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Jesse Shelby KO 7 Seamus McDonagh
Robert Folley W Disq. 1 David Barrow
Craig Bodzianowski W 8 Joe Christjones

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Anthony Hembrick KO 3 Larry Prather
Isaias Lucero W 8 Jimmy Bills
Fabrice Tiozzo W 10 Eric Nicoletta
Jorge Salgado W 12 Nestor Giovannini

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Tarmo Uusivirta KO 1 Ronnie Lee Warrior
Tyrone Frazier W 10 Danny Mitchell
Henry Wharton W 12 Rod Carr
Dave Tiberi KO 4 Eddie Hall

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
James Toney W 12 Reggie Johnson
(Retains IBF Title)
Chris Eubank W 12 Michael Watson
Nigel Benn KO 4 Kid Milo
Ismael Negron KO 10 Fabian Williams
Dennis Milton KO 2 Pat Brennan
Lamar Parks W 12 Lenzie Morgan
Buster Drayton W 10 Gary Jones

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Gianfranco Rosi W 12 Glenn Wolfe
(Retains IBF Title)
Vernon Phillips W Disq. 6 Julio Cesar Vasquez
Vinny Pazienza W 12 Ron Amundsen
Jorge Castro KO 6 Herman Perez
Mark Breland KO 1 Julian Samaha
Carl Daniels KO 3 Kenneth Kidd
Laurent Boudouani KO 1 Jerry Summerville
Hector Vilte W 10 Daniel Dominguez
Gilbert Baptist KO 8 Laurent Boudouani
Wally Swift W 12 Tony Collins

WELTERWEIGHTS
Hiroyuki Yoshino W 10 Yoshifumi Kitajima
Ras-I Bramble KO 7 Roger Brown
Roger Turner W 10 Kenny Gould
Angel Hernandez KO 6 Salvadore Yanez
Angel Hernandez KO 6 Steve Larrimore
Jorge Bracamonte KO 6 Antonio Madureira
William Jones KO 4 Rafael Williams
Tommy Small W 12 Harry Arroyo
Attila Fogas W 12 Lester Ellis

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Juan Coggi W 10 Francisco Cuesta
Louie Lomeli KO 5 Hector Pena
Ricky Meyers W 10 Donald Allison
Mario Martinez KO 5 Juan Soberanes
Clarence Coleman W 10 Saoul Mamby
Hugo Hernandez KO 3 Domingo Costas
Andy Holligan W 12 Tony Ekubia
Tony McKenzie KO 3 Albert Machong
Juan Felix Trinidad KO 5 Manuel Solas
John Rafuse KO 5 Pat Ireland

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Poli Diaz KO 2 Hector Sanchez
Frankie Mitchell KO 2 Kenny Vice
Carl Crook W 10 Brian Roche
Jeff Mayweather W 10 Marco Antonio Ramirez

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Tony Lopez KO 6 Lupe Gutierrez
(Retains IBF Title)
Azumah Nelson D 12 Jeff Fenech
(Retains WBC Title)
Joey Gamache KO 10 Jerry N'Gobeni
(Wins Vacant WBA Title)
Calvin Grove KO 3 Felipe Orozco
Gabe Ruelas KO 1 Fili Montoya
Daniel Londas W 12 Jacobin Yoma
Jackie Gunguluza KO 6 Harry Escott
Julian Solis KO 3 Jeff Roberts
Ben Lopez KO 12 Evelio Perez

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Ricardo Cepeda W 10 Nelson Rodriguez
Rafael Ruelas W 10 Narcizo Valenzuela
Eloy Rojas KO 2 Alfonso DeLeon
Jesus Salud W 10 Vicente Gonzalez
Colin McMillan KO 3 Herbie Bivalacqua

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Daryl Pinckney W 12 Paul Gonzales

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Duke McKenzie W 12 Gaby Canizales
Eddie Cook KO 7 Johnny Vasquez
Francisco Arroyo KO 1 Guido Trivino

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Sot Chitalada KO 5 Chong Pil Park
Thalernsak Sithbaobay W 10 Santiago Caballeros
Armando Castro KO 5 Francisco Gonzalez

FLYWEIGHTS
Salvatore Fanni KO 9 Danny Porter
Cecelio Espino KO 3 Jose Montiel

LIGHT FLYWEIGHTS
Hiroki Ioka KO 5 Katsumi Kiyama

STRAWWEIGHTS
Far-lan Lookmingkwan W 12 Abdi Pohan
(Retains IBF Title)

If you can answer the following questions, you could be the next

$500 winner

Actual questions

Which boxer did not win an Olympic gold medal?
1) Muhammad Ali
2) Joe Frazier
3) George Foreman
4) Mike Tyson

What was Rocky Marciano's professional record?
1) 49-0
2) 27-4
3) 87-0
4) 56-9

The movie based on the life of Jake LaMotta is:
1) Somebody Up There Likes Me
2) Rocky
3) Raging Bull
4) The Great White Hope

Which city hosted the Mike Tyson vs. Buster Douglas fight?
1) Tokyo
2) Las Vegas
3) Atlantic City
4) London

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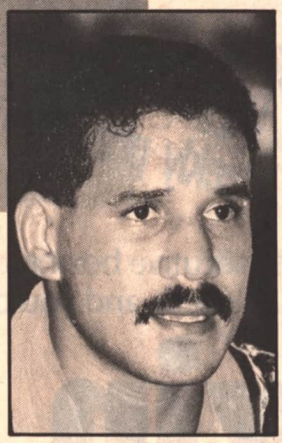
Call as often as you like. The contest begins March 19, 1991, and continues through March 19, 1992. There is no age restriction to participate. The charge for each call is $1.49 per minute. This contest is sponsored by G.C. London Publishing Associates in connection with The RING Magazine. No purchase necessary to participate. Complete rules and mail-in entries are available by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to RING TRIVIA, P.O. Box 374, Guilford, CT 06437-0374. To win, answer seven consecutive boxing trivia questions correctly and you automatically qualify for the monthly drawing for one $500 winner and a weekly drawing for one winner for a one-year subscription to The RING (cover price value is $30) and one copy of a replica of the first issue of The RING Magazine (retail value is $9.95). This contest is void where prohibited by law.

Ringside Reports

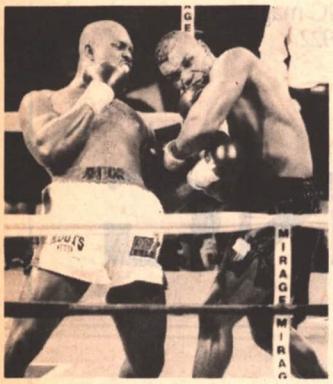
FIGHTER OF THE MONTH



Edwin Rosario

From June 1988 through March 1989, Rosario fought seven times against opponents who averaged 10 losses apiece. In what may seem like a contradiction, he knocked out all seven, and looked lousy doing so. All Rosario had left, it seemed, was his dangerous right hand, which he used whenever his faded skills began to fail him.

It can still be argued that his right hand is all that the four-time world champion has left. But that was more than enough to knock out WBA junior welterweight champion Loreto Garza (see story on page 18). Formerly considered the hardest-punching 135-pounder in the game, Rosario must now be rated as one of the hardest-punching 140-pounders. There's nothing at all contradictory about that conclusion.



Ruddock and Tyson: A powerplay

Mike Tyson W 12 Razor Ruddock,

Las Vegas, Nevada—This heavyweight rematch may not have featured the old Tyson savagery, but it was a pretty good fistfight. For 12 rounds, Tyson and Ruddock stalked each other with the sole intent of rendering the other unconscious.

Although Tyson-Ruddock II wasn't as exciting as their first match, it offered a more satisfying conclusion. Tyson, 216, Brooklyn, 41-1 (36), launched a vicious assault on Ruddock's midsection and landed several quaking hooks to his chin. Referee Mills Lane penalized Tyson three times, twice for hitting low and once for hitting after the bell, but the former champion still managed to secure a unanimous decision by scores of 114-108 (twice) and 113-109. (Ruddock lost a point in the eighth round for hitting after the bell.)

Tyson dropped Ruddock twice—in the second and fourth rounds—with straight rights. Ruddock, 238, Lauderhill, Florida, 25-3-1 (18), rose immediately after each knockdown and was able to fight off Tyson's followup surges.

After their first fight, won by Tyson via controversial seventh-round stoppage, Ruddock claimed that in the rematch he would use his jab and right hand more often. But as it turned out, those weapons would again be almost non-existent. Instead, he relied primarily on his hybrid left hook-uppercut, which he calls "The Smash." Tyson avoided many of Ruddock's sweeping blows and simply walked through those that landed.

Ruddock bled from the mouth for most of the fight, squinted through a badly swollen left eye, and suffered a broken jaw.

Though unmarked, Tyson told reporters at a morning-after press conference, "I feel like 20 guys beat me up."

(6-28-91)

Joey Gamache KO 10 Jerry N'Gobeni,

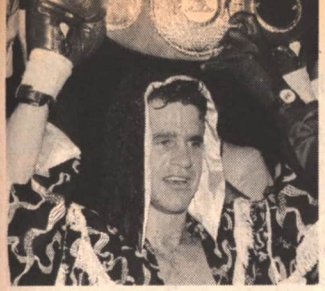
Lewiston, Maine—On a night that he didn't feel right, Lewiston's Gamache got himself together well enough to win the vacant IBF junior lightweight title, stopping N'Gobeni at 2:23 of the 10th round.

The bout was held as a preliminary to the closed-circuit presentation of Mike Tyson-Razor Ruddock, and 5,000 rabid Gamache partisans crowded the infield of the Lewiston Raceway, a defunct harness track.

The obscure N'Gobeni was seconded by fellow South African Brian Mitchell, whose abdication created this vacancy.

Temperature in the mid-90s and high humidity made both fighters cautious. When he punched, N'Gobeni, 130, offered wild left hooks and roundhouse rights. In avoiding most of them, Gamache, 130, had little time for an offense of his own.

As the rounds mounted, Gamache, 25-0 (15), discovered that a hook was the perfect counter for his foe's leads. N'Gobeni's aggressiveness and body attack enabled him to rally in the fourth and fifth rounds,



Gamache is crowned

and at the halfway mark, the bout was even. But Gamache then took control, and the South African began wilting. A hook to the face and a right to the ribs floored N'Gobeni midway through the ninth, and the end was clearly near.

In the 10th, another hook-cross combo hurt N'Gobeni, 19-2 (13), and a series of hooks left him sagging in a corner. He beat referee Waldemar Schmidt's count, but wasn't allowed to continue.

"His style gave me a lot of problems," Gamache said, "and I may have fought the wrong fight plan. I should have gone inside a lot earlier."

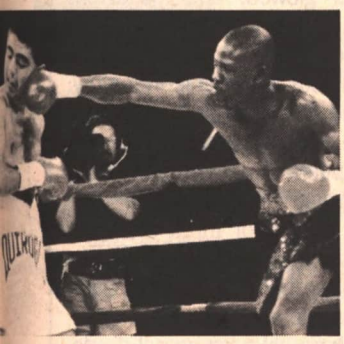
"The heat really caught up to Jerry," said Mitchell. "All credit to Joey. I think he had to come from behind to win."

Gamache's first defense will come against top-rated Venezuelan Anibal Nieves, probably in September. (6-28-91)

Jay N. Miller

Robert Quiroga W 12 Kid Akeem,

San Antonio, Texas—For Akeem, it wasn't until *after* 12 rounds of violent fighting that the real fight started. The fight would be for his life.



Akeem lands with steam

Moments after IBF junior bantamweight champion Quiroga was declared a unanimous decision winner (scores of 116-112, 116-112, and 115-114), Akeem began to vomit blood. Then, as he was being helped back to his corner, he collapsed to the canvas and slipped into a coma.

"He was fine until the decision was read," said Akeem's manager, Billy Baxter. "Then the life went out of him."

Akeem, 115, Las Vegas, 23-1 (17), fought a brilliant fight. He appeared to be in charge throughout, drilling the champion with left hooks and right crosses. But Quiroga, 115, San Antonio, 18-0 (11), did not retreat. Driven to retain the title in front of his hometown supporters, he bombed the taller Akeem with overhand rights and accepted a fantastic pace. The fight's tragic aftermath overshadowed an exciting, dramatic fight.

After the 23-year-old Akeem collapsed, he was taken out of the HemisFair Arena on a stretcher and rushed by ambulance to nearby Baptist Medical Center. According to Dr. Gerardo Zavala, a neurosurgeon, Akeem was in a state of "decerebration." In simple terms, the pressure inside his skull was too high.

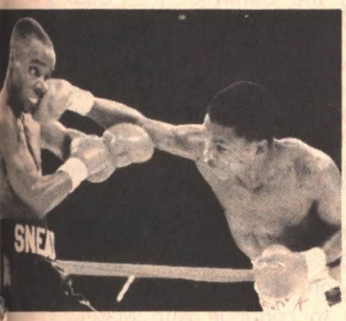
"The man was dying when he came into the hospital," Zavala stated.

Akeem was set to undergo emergency surgery to reduce the swelling of his brain, but X-rays revealed that his condition was not as bad as originally diagnosed. Zavala then drilled a tiny hole into the fighter's skull and inserted a valve to measure the pressure against the brain. He also prescribed medication that gradually reduced the swelling. Nearly 14 hours after the fight, Akeem regained consciousness. Three weeks later, against the advice of Zavala, Akeem left the hospital and flew home. It has been reported that he is having trouble moving his left leg.

According to Zavala, the first thing Akeem said to him after fully regaining consciousness, was, "I thought I won the fight." As it turned out, he had. (6-15-91)

Welcome Ncita W 12 Hurley Snead,

San Antonio, Texas—On the Quiroga-Akeem undercard, IBF junior featherweight champion Ncita retained the crown for the fourth time scoring a unanimous decision over Detroit's Snead. The scores were 118-109, 117-111, and 117-110. It was the 31-year-old Snead's first fight in one year.



Ncita reaches Snead

South Africa's Ncita, 121, 29-0 (14), utilized superior quickness, mobility, and reflexes, and always seemed an inch or two out of Snead's punching range. The challenger, 119¼, 39-4-1 (26), with one no-contest, is only 5'2", and he was never able to overcome his three-inch reach disadvantage.

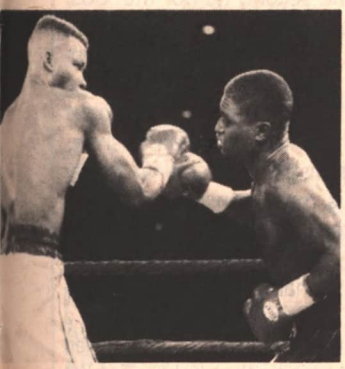
The only significant punch came with 15 seconds remaining in round three. Ncita stepped in with a right uppercut, and Snead crashed. There wasn't time, however, for a sufficient followup.

Snead suffered a cut on his left eyelid in the fifth and began to miss often in the later rounds. Ncita, whose legs were fresh at the end, gave him few opportunities to rally.

The referee was Bobby Gonzalez. (6-15-91)

James Toney W 12 Reggie Johnson,

Las Vegas, Nevada—IBF middleweight king Toney is a champion who believes that once you win the title, the hard work has only begun. Just 50 days after upsetting Michael Nunn, Toney defended against mandatory contender Reggie Johnson at the Las Vegas Hilton. Toney's bring-'em-on attitude is rare among today's champions. And if any of his fellow titlists watched this close call against Johnson, it's sure to remain that way.



Toney chases down Johnson

The southpaw challenger took the initiative in the opening round, reaching Toney repeatedly with right hands. In the second, a quick left put Toney on the seat of his trunks, and another wobbled him shortly after he regained his feet. Toney fired back furiously, but Johnson's superb head movement and ability to pivot away from pursuit left Toney whiffing at a pace rivaled only by this season's Detroit Tigers.

In round four, Toney rocked Johnson with three solid rights. Johnson, 29-2-1 (21), rebounded to capture the fifth, but was driven across the ring by a right in the sixth. Toney, 27-0-1 (19), controlled the seventh, eighth, and ninth, as well, but then Johnson rallied in the 10th and 11th. The difference in a furious 12th round was an accidental headbutt that opened a bloody gash over Toney's left eye. With his vision impaired, he was caught by a hard right and sizzling counter left.

Mike Glienna scored 114-113 for Johnson, but Patricia Jarman (115-112) and Ricardo Bays (114-113) gave the edge to Toney. *The Ring* saw Johnson the winner by a 115-113 count.

"Reggie put up a great fight," said Toney. "Maybe we'll do it again."

Johnson, who never stopped countering all afternoon, landed one more before leaving: "We can do it tomorrow, James." (6-29-91)

Jeff Ryan ■

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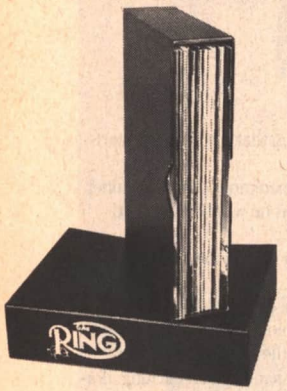

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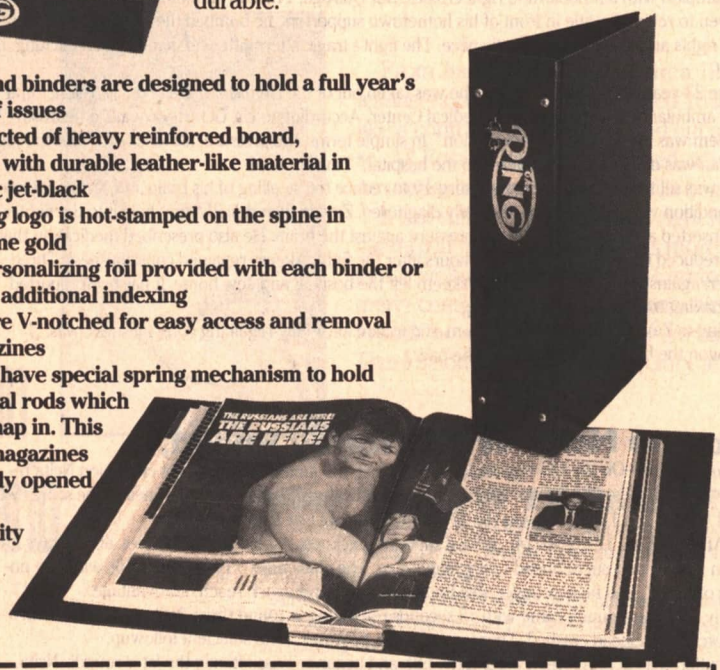

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Edwin Rosario

(Continued from page 19)

was training DeJesus, taught Rosario to take two and hit with a right. It was easy to learn because when Siaca spoke, Rosario didn't dare take his eyes off him. By the age of 16, Rosario was a pro. By 20, he was a world champion.

The fighter glowed, and magazines like this one began to describe him as "the Duran of the '80s." It was going to be a neatly cut and manicured story: Rosario would dominate as his idol, 10 years before, had threatened to. DeJesus had been a good lightweight, maybe a great one, but he was knocked out in two of three bouts vs. Roberto Duran, and that was how he would be remembered. Rosario's path, however, was clear.

After making two successful defenses, Rosario lost the title. Three fights after that, he lost Siaca. He would win and lose the 135-pound crown twice more, and, along the way, face Hector Camacho, Livingstone Bramble, and Julio Cesar Chavez in title fights that would help shape the decade. But the Duran of the '80s? Rosario's credentials would fall well short.

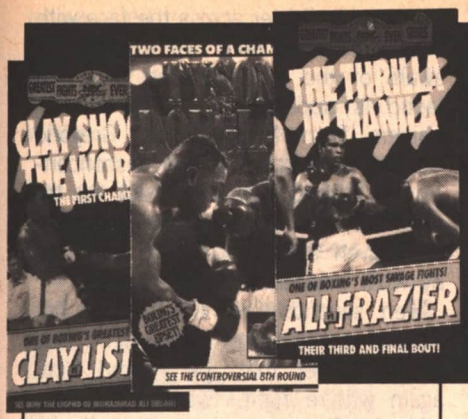
Rosario's separation from Siaca, prompted by a disagreement over—what else?—money, lasted almost six years, during which ugly words were traded.

"These are hot-blooded Puerto Ricans; the break was a severe one," said Bill Cayton, Rosario's manager. "I wanted him to continue with Manny, but the trainer is hired by the fighter, and Edwin took it upon himself. He didn't want to work with Manny anymore."

Through the second half of the '80s, Rosario was trained by Lalo Medina, who, by all accounts, was quite competent. But no one knew Rosario like Siaca. And as the fighter grew older and older in the ring, it began to show.

"The chemistry between a fighter and trainer is more important than the technique that is taught," said ABC boxing analyst Alex Wallau. "A good example was Champ Chaney and Marvin Johnson. Champ was a trainer in a PAL gym in Indianapolis, and when Marvin started up the ladder in the pros, some people were asking, 'He's a

(Continued on page 56)



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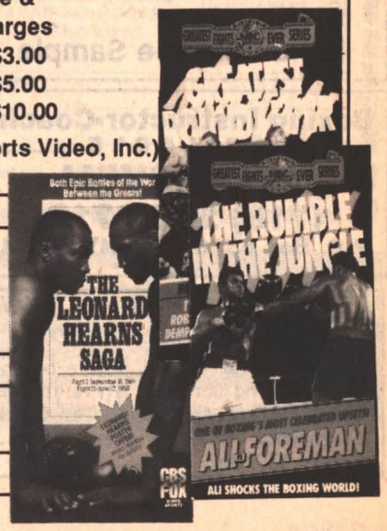

Edwin Rosario

(Continued from page 54)

world-class fighter; when is he going to get a world-class trainer?' Someone else might have helped Marvin more technically, but ultimately, Marvin was better off with Champ."

In April 1990, Rosario's final lightweight title reign ended at the hands of former gymmate Juan Nazario, whom he had kayoed three years before. (Almost predictably, Nazario was trained and cornered by Siaca.) Rosario fought as if the bout had been scheduled for 50 rounds. He waited too long before punching, offered no movement, and seemed unconcerned by the challenger's punches. At the start of his career, Rosario had been described as mechanical because he always made the right move. His performance against Nazario suggested that the word still applied, but only because he boxed like a rusty robot.

In the seventh round, an unintentional butt opened a deep diagonal cut over Rosario's right brow. After the eighth, the ringside physician decided that Rosario should not continue. Rosario was 27, and a full career had seemingly come to a flat end. There would be more fights at 140 pounds, but Chapo could no longer be considered a title threat.

Then, in the fall of 1990, Siaca again became his trainer.

"I knew Edwin needed two things," said Cayton. "First, he needed motivation. Second, he needed to be trained away from Puerto Rico. He's a hero there, and when he trains, several hundred people watch him. There are distractions."

Siaca's mere presence provided instant motivation, and the training facility he regularly used in Venezuela helped Rosario's focus. Siaca may have also contributed politically: In the WBA's November 1990 ratings, Rosario was unranked. In December, he entered as the number-four junior welterweight. At least one source believes the trainer's clout with the WBA was responsible for the sudden inclusion. After all, Rosario's only post-Nazario bout, an unimpressive decision victory over trialhorse Dwayne Swift, had come four months before he was ranked.

Now it was Cayton's turn. After failing to secure a lightweight title try against unified champion Pernell Whitaker, he began to aim for newly crowned WBA 140-pound champion Loreto Garza. From February through the beginning of May, he hounded promoter Dan Duva to make the match. Duva finally did, signing it for June 14 in Garza's hometown of Sacramento, at least partly because Rosario was perceived to be a shot fighter. In the sports books of Nevada, Garza opened as a 7-1 favorite. (At fight time, the odds had dropped to 3-1.)

"I knew Rosario was still a puncher, but I thought it would be an easy fight," said Don Chargin, Garza's promoter.

In the weeks leading up to the fight, Siaca began to work on Rosario by making him work.

"After the Nazario fight," the trainer said, "Chapo didn't want to fight anymore. I told him, 'I make you a world champion again.' I took him to Venezuela and made everything the way it used to be. I make him emotional. He respects me and loves me because he's like a son."

On fight night at the Arco Arena, Siaca wanted Rosario to start quickly. Seconds before the opening bell, he slapped his fighter across the face with both hands to ensure that Rosario was aware of the task at hand. (Such a tactic is apparently common among trainers from Puerto Rico; Gregorio Benitez, who trained his oft-disconcerted son Wilfred, regularly struck the triple-crown champion in such a manner.) Even Siaca had to be surprised by what happened next.

Ten seconds into the first round, Rosario rocked Garza with a right. Five seconds after that, he floored him, again with a right. Every time Garza jabbed, Rosario countered with a crunching cross. For all intent and purposes, the fight was over before Garza landed a single blow.

If you're steering a thoroughbred who's ahead by 10 lengths with one-sixteenth of a mile to run, you put away your whip. Siaca, however, wasn't taking any chances. Before the start of the second, he repeated his two-handed slap, just in case Rosario had been peeping at the round card girl. Rosario responded by chasing Garza around the ring, bloodying his nose, introducing some hooks to complement his booming right, and convincing the hopeful crowd that there would be no miracle comeback. For those at ringside, it was hard to fathom that this was the same fighter who had sleepwalked against Nazario.

In the third, there were two more knockdowns, and 1:09 into the round, referee Larry Rozadilla saved Garza from Rosario, and Rosario from Siaca.

"I expected right hands, that's all he really throws," Garza said at the postfight press conference, sounding like he could accept what had happened, but could not believe it. "The first right hand, I never seen it coming."

Since being kayoed by Julio Cesar Chavez in November 1987, Rosario has depended solely on that right hand. He's scored only two meaningful wins in four years, and both, the kayo of Garza and a one-punch pasting of Anthony Jones in July 1989, were produced by his cross. For as long as he possesses that dominant weapon, he will induce fear.

But don't expect Rosario to return to the pound-for-pound ratings. Despite the nature of his victory over Garza—or perhaps because of it—he is still viewed by most as yesterday's star, a one-punch, one-dimensional fighter who is both too small and too slow for the division he now leads. In fact, in what will likely be his first defense, a

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long-awaited rematch with Camacho, he'll enter the ring as an underdog.

"But what might have been a 20-1 fight is now a 2-1 fight," pointed out Wallau.

A sure thing: Given Rosario's feelings for Camacho, and Siaca's injection of discipline and emotion, the champion will be properly prepared.

There's no other way, he's discovered, to fight those demons. ■

Jeff Fenech

(Continued from page 23)

sparred with Greg Haugen. A junior welter. Good enough to win a lightweight title. Good enough to beat Camacho at 140. A reporter in Vegas asked me how the workouts went. Why lie? "Greg's a lovely bloke, and I like him," I said, "but it was easy gym work."

If you don't know much about me, let me tell you a few things. I've won three world titles. I've beaten Marcos Villasana and Daniel Zaragoza and Greg Richardson in *nothing* fights, and they're all world champions right now. I'm not like any fighter you've seen in the lower weights in a long time. That's why I don't believe in all that prefight bull.

Don't see your woman for weeks, they say. My lady, Tania, made the trip with me. So did our son, Beau. And my mother, Mary. And Veronica, one of my sisters. And Con, my buddy. And John Lewis, my trainer and cutman. And two cooks. And my doctor. And a masseur for my hands. Yeah, it sounds crazy, I know. Cost me about $100,000 to keep 'em all happy for six weeks, too. But it was worth it. The Sheffield Inn, this hotel we stayed at, it had about 30 Aussie fans in it. The desert Down Under.

That bloody Mirage, now *that* was crazy. I didn't want to go near the place. They wanted to put Azumah and me in the same hotel. I told a writer that and he wondered what the big deal was. "They think it's a game," I said. "But if I walk by him in the lobby, the fight will be on before it's scheduled. I'm looking forward to punching Azumah Nelson's face."

I was serious, it wasn't just hype. I don't believe in that gameface garbage at all. This writer was hanging out with me the night before the fight, and he said in seven years of covering fighters, he'd never seen anyone so calm and cool on the eve of battle. Especially the biggest battle of the fighter's career. But that's how certain I was that I'd win.

I felt incredibly loose. We climbed in a van and went for a ride—me, John Lewis, Con, the writer, a couple of other guys. Some crazy bloke stepped off the curb in front of us and we almost turned him into Vegamite. I couldn't stop laughing.

My body felt strong, my family was around me, and my hands—surely you've heard about all the trouble they've given me—felt great. I was going to fight in America, on pay-per-view, in front of all the media. Good luck faxes from Australia were coming in like crazy. That day, I even got one from Bob Hawke, Australia's prime minister. This was my moment. This was the fight that would get me more attention than the first three titles and 25 wins had.

The writer looked up from his notebook. "What if the hands finally fail you for good in this fight?" he asked me.

I hadn't thought about it in a while. But I was so happy to be fighting in America that even that didn't seem to matter.

"Then the people here will at least see me once, mate," I told him.

You may be wondering why I was even talking to a writer so close to fight time. He asked me that, too. Well, it doesn't bother me. Like I said, I don't have to put on any gameface. I read a lot while I was in Las Vegas. I knew better than to hang around those blackjack tables, so I had a lot of time on my hands, you know? Anyway, I was reading that Muhammad Ali book, the new one. It never bothered him to do interviews. Besides, I was that relaxed.

I can't wait to show you the pictures when I get them developed. I looked really mean on fight night. A killer. I had grown my beard back to look like Duran. And I wore all black, with no robe, like Tyson. Best of all, I fought like Fenech. Azumah was nailing me in the first two rounds. He surprised me with his speed and the angles he was firing from. But in the third, I started using my strength on him. For most of the third, fourth, and fifth, he just sat on the ropes in a corner, and I outworked him.

You know the rest by now. He did

(Continued on page 58)

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Jeff Fenech

(Continued from page 57)

pretty good in the sixth and 11th, the eighth was kind of even, and I took the rest. At the very end of the 12th, I had him staggered and hurt bad.

Then they added up the cards. I told you about the Mexican. This other guy, Jerry Roth, had me winning 115-113. But Dave Moretti scored it 114-114. That made it a draw. I heard the announcement and it felt like someone had stuck a pin in my chest and let out every last breath of air that was still in my lungs.

They screwed me. No doubt in my mind. I'm desperate to throw punches all the time. I want to win right to the end. I thought I did that. How can you say he won the fight if I stayed on him for the last 10 rounds?

The people in Australia ask me why I bothered going to America. I had to. Fighting in Australia made me a millionaire and a national celebrity. But I was never arrogant enough to think I didn't need America. That writer in Vegas told me that one of your American experts once said I could have been the Duran of my era. Then the writer asked me how big I thought I'd be if I had fought most of my career in the States. I told him, "I'd be right up there with Chavez."

I open the boxing magazines and see those other guys getting rave reviews. I don't get too much coverage. But I know why that is. It's because I never fought in the boxing capital of the world.

Now I'm sorry that I did. Even at the press conference afterward I didn't get any respect. I had signed a four-fight deal with Don King beforehand—I don't know how many people were aware of that—but I told a friend, "I don't care what contract I signed. *I'm* the boss. If King has brains, which he does in a few cases, he'll realize that."

Well, at the press conference I found out how important 130-pound Australians are to him. They brought me on stage after the Tyson-Ruddock fight, when reporters were still shouting questions to Tyson. I stood there for what seemed like hours, while King introduced his "spiritual leader" and Mitch Green carried on in the crowd. Most writers ignored me. I got a few minutes to tell everyone how one-sided the fight was, then the whole thing was over.

I was sore. My face was lumpy, and a few drops of blood trickled out of a cut under my left eye. But you know what hurt the most? My bottom lip. I kept biting it, trying not to cry.

Would I go back to the States again? At first, I didn't think so. But now I'm convinced I would—if I could get to fight Azumah again. After all, most of the people in Las Vegas were nice to me, and it sure was great watching *Days Of Our Lives* every afternoon. I saw some episodes that won't air in Australia for another two years.

And, hopefully, a lot of Americans tuned in to a good soap opera they'd been long overdue to watch: my career. That writer, I remember telling him that I don't have to fight for money anymore, and after the Azumah fight, I didn't think I'd have to fight for glory, either.

"If people see me in the Azumah fight," I said, "maybe they'll want to look back at the rest of my career and find out more."

If they do, they'll see something very special. Something as special as my summer working vacation was gonna be. ■

Mike Tyson

(Continued from page 37)

er. He's even better now. In the second fight he did better because he never stopped smashing Ruddock's ribs."

The new, and oft-criticized, Tyson came into sharper focus after the second Ruddock fight. Tyson absorbed Ruddock's hardest punches and showed flashes of his raw power by dropping the Canadian twice with single blows. The second knockdown was the result of a counter right that was strictly an arm punch. Tyson threw it while standing flatfooted; his feet were not even in the proper punching position.

But he was not without flaws. The Tyson of the mid-'80s attacked with explosive combinations, working his way inside behind a pawing jab. Against Ruddock, he was a one-punch fighter, rarely stringing more than two blows together. He was also hit with relative ease, abandoning Cus D'Amato's peekaboo style and neglecting to shift his head from side to side.

"He can be hit," Dundee said. "He doesn't wiggle-waggle as much. He used to go from side to side at the hip, and it was effective for him. But maybe it was partly because of the level of talent he was fighting then."

It can be argued that Marciano, who made only six title defenses, won the title in an era of aging heavyweight contenders. And Louis, of course, had his "Bum of the Month Club." But when Ali, Louis, and Marciano were pressed, they rose to the occasion.

Great fighters crave great fights. It activates an internal switch that elevates them to another level. Tyson has experienced success at that level in the past and desperately needs to reach it again if he is to be considered an all-time great.

If, on November 8, Tyson reduces the *other* baddest man on the planet to that of a frightened sparring partner, his greatness will be confirmed. No matter how infrequently he moves his head, punches in combination, or uses his jab, Tyson will be set free from all scrutiny. If he does not beat Holyfield, the questions are likely to remain. But for Tyson to achieve greatness in all its fullness, he must win this fight convincingly.

Ali, Louis, and Marciano were confronted with similar circumstances, and each prevailed in a fight that confirmed their greatness. Consider:

Joe Louis: Despite having won the heavyweight title with an eighth-round knockout of James J. Braddock in 1937, neither Louis, nor his followers, could erase the image of Max Schmeling standing over a beaten "Brown Bomber" in 1936. The 12th-round kayo was Louis' first loss and one of only three in his entire career. It would take a win over Schmeling to give Louis peace, and solidify his greatness.

"I'm not champion until I beat Schmeling," he said.

In his fourth title defense, Louis received the opportunity to vindicate himself. On July 22, 1938, in front of 80,000 fans at Yankee Stadium, Louis wasted no time hammering Schmeling. He hurt the German challenger with a right hand and a left hook only 10 seconds into the fight. Schmeling would drop to the canvas three times before being counted out in the first round. It took Louis a mere 124 seconds to erase any doubt as to who the real heavyweight champion was.

"Since Schmeling beat me, I wanted

him worse than anybody," Louis said afterward.

Rocky Marciano: When Marciano was extended 15 rounds by Ezzard Charles in June 1954, it marked the first time in three years that "The Rock" had gone the distance. Although Marciano retained the title with a unanimous decision, traces of doubt began to circulate in the sports pages.

Legendary sports columnist Red Smith wrote, "Where [Charles] was expected to retreat and cover, he fought boldly . . . It had been believed that Marciano's strength would prove too great for any opponent who sought to tie him up inside, yet Charles seemed stronger than Rocky at the start, and the champion could do little at close quarters in the first few rounds . . . When the final bell rang, Ezzard walked back, unassisted, an unconquered loser."

In the rematch three months later, Charles would not make the final bell. Marciano had not floored the former champion in their first fight, but the rematch was one-sided. He dropped Charles a total of three times and knocked him out in the eighth round. At the time of the kayo, Marciano was bleeding from a gash on his left brow, as well as his nose, which Charles had split at the tip in round six. His final attack saved referee Al Berl from having to make a difficult decision.

"This undoubtedly was my best fight; I don't think I've ever been close before," Marciano said after the rematch. "I was surprised at how easy I beat him."

Muhammad Ali: After Ali lost a 15-round decision to Joe Frazier in what is acknowledged as the "Fight of the Century," he won 13 of his next 14 fights. But it wasn't until 1974, when he recaptured the heavyweight crown from George Foreman, that Ali's comeback was complete.

In winning the heavyweight title in 1964, Ali used speed and incredible boxing skill to dazzle Sonny Liston. But a decade later, the 32-year-old Ali no longer appeared to have the speed or skill necessary to overcome Foreman's power. Foreman had won the title by felling Frazier six times in two rounds, and his two title defenses consisted of a one-round knockout of Jose "King" Roman and a two-round thrashing of Ken Norton.

Ali, a 14-5 underdog, would not try to dance his way by Foreman. Instead, he elected to sit on the ropes and absorb Foreman's thunderous blows. As the rounds passed, Foreman began to tire. When Ali sensed the unbeaten champion had punched himself out, he opened up with a flurry, knocking out "Big George" in the eighth round. The Rope-A-Dope was born.

After the fight, Ali delivered a piercing monologue, during which he lambasted his detractors: "I told you, all of my critics, that I was the greatest of all-time . . . Never again say that I'm gonna be defeated. Never make me the underdog until I'm about 50 years old . . . I told you that I'm the real champion, I told you I'm the world champion. All of you bow, all of my critics crawl. All of you suckers who write *The Ring* magazine . . . "

Mike Tyson, who enjoys quoting former boxing greats, would undoubtedly relish the opportunity to utter a similar sentiment on November 8.

Greatness awaits him. But so does Evander Holyfield. ■

Giardello-Graham

(Continued from page 34)

"If they're going to reverse judges and referees like that," Joey said bitterly, "what's the use of paying officials? Why don't those commissioners just go in there and do the refereeing and judging themselves?"

Threatening court action, Giardello's manager, Anthony Ferrante, growled, "The commission appoints the judges and referees, don't it? Well, then, why can't they accept responsibility for the men they select?"

The biggest howl, though, came from anguished bookies, who faced a double payoff. Some actually paid both ways to retain client goodwill. Others cancelled all bets outright.

In other quarters, barbed comment came from all sides. One sportswriter snapped, "What sort of nonsense is this? If a commission can do this, where will it end?"

Christenberry shrugged off the criticism, and said his action was justified by an avalanche of letters and telegrams denouncing the original decision. They had come mostly from TV viewers who had been cut off after hearing Johnny Addie's "review" announcement.

But if the commission considered it

(Continued on page 61)

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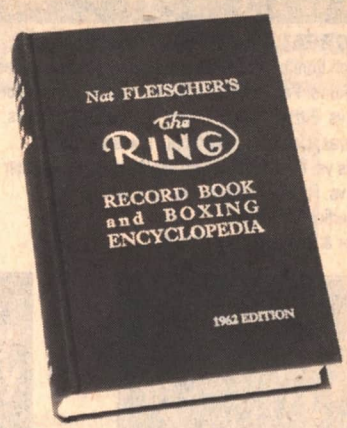

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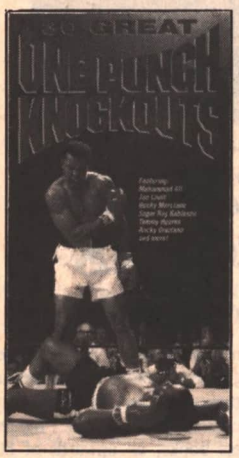

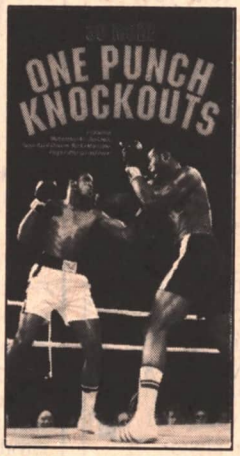

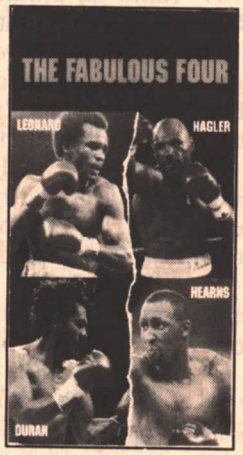

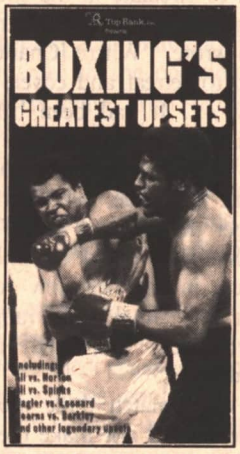

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Giardello-Graham

(Continued from page 59)

finished business, others didn't, especially Giardello, who filed suit in State Supreme Court.

On Feburary 17, 1953, Judge Bernard Botein threw out the reversal, with the comment that the commission's reasoning "was so vague as to be meaningless."

Backing Agnello, the judge noted that "the scoring of a prize fight is not a routine process, like the scoring of a tennis match ... a boxing official's judgment reflects not only his perceptiveness and experience, but is inevitably colored by his own sense of prize-fighting values."

At Summit, New Jersey, where he was training for his third match with Graham, Joey was jubilant. "That judge," he told friends, "sure said a mouthful. In my mind, I thought I won the fight all the way. The next time, I'll show them it won't be close."

In a way, he was right. They met in the Garden again on March 6, 1953, before a crowd of 8,638. The fight wasn't close—Graham won it easily, pounding out a unanimous 12-round victory. This time, Joey didn't bother to go to court. ■

Lennox Lewis

(Continued from page 39)

will issue his usual warning before the fight: Focus. Focus. Focus.

"Occasionally I see Lennox focus, but not all the time," the trainer said. "It comes and goes with him, and that can be very dangerous. But I'll say this. Whatever I've asked Lennox to do, he's done it, and he's made strides. I don't care what anyone says."

While Davenport has helped Lewis drop many of his amateur habits, the 6'5" heavyweight still fights like a European. As he moves inside, he stands erect.

"I hate that stand-up stuff," Davenport said. "When those type fighters get hit, they're so stiff that they feel the force of the punch down to their heels. Lennox can't afford to do that against a contender."

While Lewis clearly needs further tutoring, his strengths are unmistakable. He fires one of the division's best jabs, and he follows it with a strong cross. And unlike most young fighters, he isn't impatient, feeling out his opponent while carefully applying his mechanics. Such patience served him well against Weaver and Mason, and during a 1989 bout vs. Andy Gerrard, a Welsh journeyman with a solid chin.

Lewis realized early on that he wasn't going to drop Gerrard quickly, so he calmly waited for an opening. One came in round four, and Lewis threw four unanswered rights. Gerrard tottered across the ring, and Lewis followed up with a left-right combination, prompting the referee's intervention. It was a performance that epitomized his style.

While there's no doubting Lewis' patience, his countrymen have not shown much patience with him.

"There's a lot of animosity in England," Davenport said. "Lennox is trying to live with it, but I don't like it."

Davenport has not easily adjusted to life in England. He admits that he's not the easiest person to deal with, but, he says, neither are those he does business with.

"They're so disorganized," he said of the British. "You ask them to do something now, and they do it tomorrow. And when tomorrow comes, they do it wrong.

"People in England have absolutely no idea how to move a fighter," he continued. "And while they start out saying, 'There's no rush with Lennox,' they all change their tune after a few wins. And suddenly it's 'Bring on Mike Tyson. Bring on Evander Holyfield.'

"But Lennox is into reality. He knows what it takes to be a champion. He's not a Riddick Bowe who goes around saying, 'Bring on this guy, bring on that guy.' We've got a plan. And the plan is to build a firm foundation."

Lewis agrees, and realizes that to become a complete professional, he needs to add an effective left hook and a body attack to his repertoire. He also needs the experience that only time and fights can provide.

"I want to face all types of fighters," said

(Continued on page 62)

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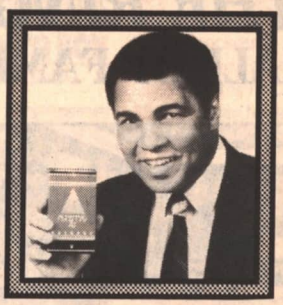

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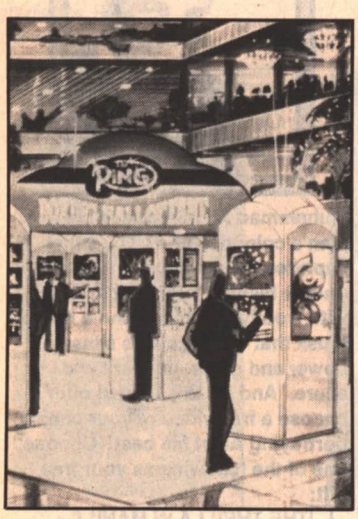

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Lennox Lewis

(Continued from page 61)

Lewis, who is rated in the top 10 by all three world boxing organizations. "Then, when the time is right, I'll go for the title. It might be in 12 to 15 months. Maybe a little sooner. Maybe a little later. But I want to be ready when I step in. Because when I get the title, I want to hold on to it."

Davenport's methods and timing may not please the British fight fans, but he's apparently won over Lewis' manager, Frank Maloney.

"In the early going, there were times I never saw eye to eye with John Davenport," Maloney said. "But now I have to take my hat off to him. A lot of the boxing press in England has criticized him and Lennox, but I think they'll prove their critics wrong.

"I'm one of the people who tried to cut corners with Lennox. But John wants to give him a foundation, and get him out of the bad habits that he's carried over from the amateurs. And while John is the kind of person who says what's on his mind, if you sit down with him and take away his attitude, you'd see that he has Lennox' interest at heart."

The fight with McCrory, who is not respected as a heavyweight, will undoubtedly expose Lewis and Davenport to further criticism, especially in England. That criticism, however, should subside after Lewis shifts his base to Nevada or New York. That's when he plans to begin facing top-10 opponents under the promotional banner of Dan Duva, with whom he has signed a four-fight deal. (The kayo of Weaver was the first fight.)

Even though he has suffered the slings and arrows of his countrymen for some time now, Lewis promises he won't hold a grudge.

"When I fight for the world heavyweight title, all of Britain will be behind me," he said. "And I'd like to give them what no other British heavyweight could—a world championship." ■

Marcel Cerdan

(Continued from page 44)

ous fighter, Marcel Cerdan, of whom he had heard so much.

Twelve hours later, after being rerouted from fog-bound Shannon, the big plane dropped slowly over the small cluster of islands known as the Azores, in the mid-Atlantic. There would be a refueling stop at Santa Maria Airport, and then the last swift leg to New York. Captain Jean de la Neue, a veteran of 6,700 transatlantic flying hours, checked in with the tower: "Ready to land on Santa Maria—weather clear."

He got immediate clearance. Banking sharply to the east, he headed toward the landing strip. The 37 passengers fastened their safety belts and doused their cigarettes. Instinctively, a little nervously, they braced themselves for the landing, just five minutes away. Only professional flyers fail to sense that moment of slight tenseness as a big airliner banks sharply just before the final approach. To hide their feelings, they crack little jokes to their seatmates, and there are always scattered bursts of light laughter. It makes them feel better, or it seems to.

Probably Marcel Cerdan, the bravest of the brave, made such a joke to his manager, Jo Longman, sitting in the seat beside him. It was his habit to joke at such times.

They didn't know that the pilot had lost radio contact with the airport and that the plane had veered off-course. They never knew. An instant later, the Constellation crashed into the top of 3,600-foot Mt. Redondo. There were no survivors.

In New York on the next morning, Bernard Manischewitz walked down the boarding ramp of his plane after an easy flight from Paris. He was welcomed by his family with what seemed an unusual amount of emotion. They told him what had happened to the plane he had missed in Paris.

"My God," he whispered, "my God . . . "

In her New York hotel suite, the brilliant international chanteuse, Edith Piaf, also heard of the accident in the Azores. Later that day, her agent announced that Miss Piaf had cancelled

all her engagements for an indefinite time. In the trade, it was understood that she had suffered a nervous breakdown. Piaf, you see, was Marcel Cerdan's lover.

All of France went into mourning, and in one way or another, so did the rest of the world. In Casablanca, the flags flew at half-mast, and there was little noise in the shops and markets. For the time being, even the hatred that blazed between the French and the Arabs stilled.

And at Stillman's Gym in New York, the fight crowd stood around quietly, as they do when one of their number is suddenly lost. Irving Cohen, one of the more articulate boxing men, was heard to say, "They loved him before. Now that he's dead, they'll love him even more. Now they'll realize how great he really was."

This is the story of Marcel Cerdan, one of the most beloved fighters of our time. This is the story of how great he was.

***

Sidi-Bel-Abbes . . . A bustling little city near Casablanca, in North Africa, is the home of some of history's greatest fighting men. Here the French Foreign Legion had its central headquarters; from here Legionnaires have sallied forth for 50 years to fight the battles of the French Empire. It is a city filled with romance and legendary adventure.

Here, on July 22, 1916, was born a man who was, like the Legion, to make his name a byword for all the French nation has always stood for—liberty, equality, fraternity, courage, and fighting skill. He was to rank with Charlemagne and Marshal Foch among France's great warriors. He was to become the middleweight boxing champion of all the world.

The destiny of Marcel Cerdan was decided when he was just eight years old. And it was his own decision. That was the year his father, Emil Cerdan, a butcher and part-time fight manager, told him that he must pick his fights carefully and not beat up just anybody.

"A professional fighter does not waste his skill and energy on riff-raff," cautioned Emil. "He might stop a lucky punch and ruin his career. To walk away from a fight that would profit you nothing is not an act of cowardice; it is a sign of intelligence."

Little Marcel's snapping black eyes flashed with adult pride. He promptly went out and beat up the nearest gang of Arabs, making sure he was outnumbered. The legend has it that he brought back three of the teeth of his adversaries, and that when his father complained about his lack of intelligence, Marcel threw them on the chopping block in the family's butcher shop.

"I will fight anybody who will fight me," he said.

The story may be just fiction. It could be true. For throughout his life, Cerdan never walked out on a fight or refused to meet any challenger. He was a fighter's fighter who glorified in the sheer act of combat. And yet he was one of the softest-spoken, most gallant gentlemen the ring has ever known. After more than 150 fights, of which at least 40 are unrecorded, his handsome dark features remained all but unmarked. Not that vanity caused him to avoid injury to his face; he was such a fine defensive fighter that he was extremely difficult to hit. As for ammunition, he had two powerful guns, as his record of more than 60 kayos attests. But his punches were not the devastating kind that knock a man senseless with a single barrage. He was a hurting puncher whose blows produced cumulative damage over several rounds, causing his victims to fold up from sheer exhaustion.

It was like that with Tony Zale, from whom Cerdan took the middleweight title in 1948. At the end of 11 thunderous rounds, Zale, the "Man of Steel," became thoroughly rusted and, although still on his feet, was unable to continue fighting.

Probably the pure greatness of Cerdan was brought out in his last fight. It was only the second bout he ever lost—except for two ridiculous losses in Europe due to fouls, which should be ignored. He lost it to the "Bronx Bull," Jake LaMotta, along with his title. There is a good reason why LaMotta beat the colorful Frenchman: Cerdan fought practically the entire match with one hand, having crippled his left arm early in the first round.

It is generally agreed that, had Cerdan been able to keep his date for that return bout with LaMotta, he would have treated Jake the same way he did the only other man who ever beat him, France's tough, shifty Cyril Delannoit. (Two months after he dropped a decision to the Frenchman, Cerdan came back to scatter Delannoit's vanity and blood around a Brussels ring in defense of the European middleweight title.)

(Continued on page 65)

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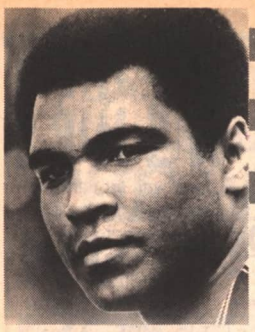

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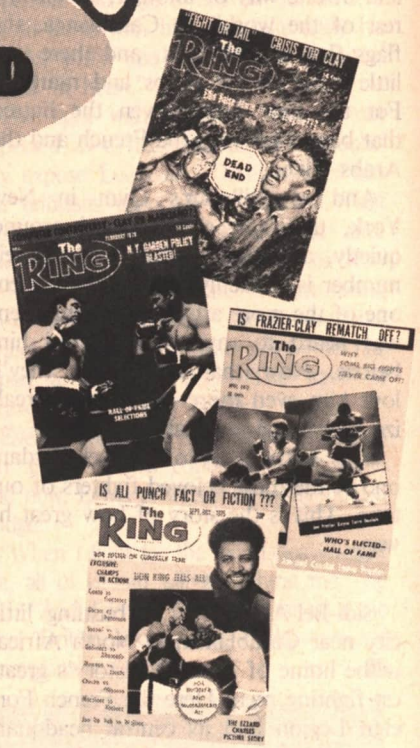

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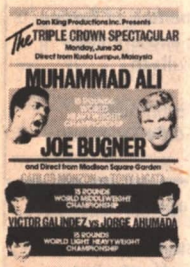

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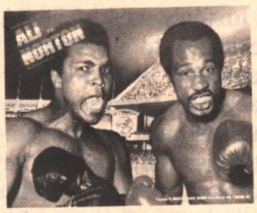

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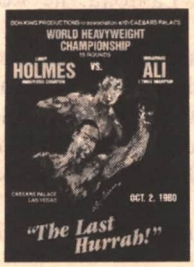

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Marcel Cerdan

(Continued from page 63)

But *Le Beau* Marcel did not keep his return date with new champion La-Motta. He had another appointment, one he could not miss. And because Cerdan kept his date with destiny on a lonely mountainside in the mid-Atlantic, the world was deprived of the final chapter of his fighting career. It was like reading an engrossing book, only to come to the end and find that someone had ripped out the last pages.

And yet, somehow, the book on Cerdan seems complete. The story of a famous prize fighter is the story of his days in the ring. When those days are over, the story ends—and a new one begins.

But just as it was with Max Baer, Joe Louis, Jack Dempsey, and other colorful champions, the story of Cerdan the Man is so interwoven with that of Cerdan the Fighter that they are one and the same.

It begins with the scrappy eight-year-old roaming the crowded streets of Casablanca, the ancient North African city to which the Cerdan family moved when Marcel was still in his childhood, and takes shape with his turning professional boxer at the age of 18.

This was in 1934, after he had been fighting as an amateur for eight years. In this respect, Marcel followed in the footsteps of his older brothers. Vincent Cerdan, who might have gone on to a brilliant boxing career of his own, chose instead to migrate to Argentina, where he went into business and married a beautiful South American girl. Marcel and Vincent didn't see each other for the next 22 years, until Marcel was training for his fight with Tony Zale at an upstate New York camp. The great fighter smiled at his brother and recalled how Vincent and their other brother, Armand, had talked him out of becoming a professional soccer player.

"I can still remember what you said," he told Vincent. " 'It must be one or the other. I think it should be boxing.' "

Actually, Marcel liked soccer more than he did prizefighting. And he was a brilliant soccer player. So when he started to box as a welterweight around French Morocco in 1934, he restricted his soccer playing to his spare time.

Most of his early ring opponents were Arabs or Algerians, and he beat them all quite easily. He also attracted much local attention.

In 1937, Lucien Roupp, a smart fight manager who ran a thriving stable of ambitious Moroccan boxers, decided he had been standing by long enough. He had watched young Marcel cut down every boy in his stable who was anywhere near his own weight. One night, after Cerdan had deposited one of his better middleweights on the floor, Roupp edged Marcel into a dark corner of the tiny dressing room and said, "You are ready!"

Marcel kept a stern face and replied,

(Continued on page 67)

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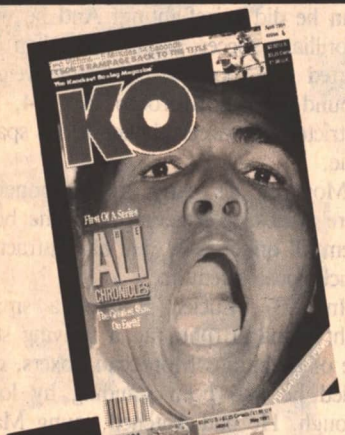

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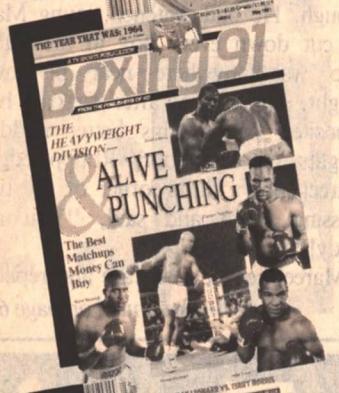

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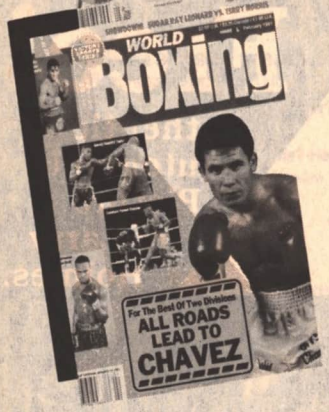

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Marcel Cerdan

(Continued from page 65)

"Monsieur, I have always been ready." Then the youth rubbed his chin reflectively and asked, "Ready for what?"

"I do not have to be coy with anyone who has been fighting for 10 years," Roupp said with a smile. "You are ready for Paris. You are ready for the world."

Cerdan did not deny it. Although never a braggart, he didn't believe in false modesty. At this point he had won two dozen consecutive pro fights against increasingly strong opposition. The relationship that began between Marcel Cerdan and Lucien Roupp developed into what has become known as the ideal of what a fighter-manager comnbination should be. For the next 12 years of Marcel's life, Roupp became an extension of the fighter, a vital part of him. He was the man who made all the decisions, called all the shots.

"Outside the ring," Marcel used to say, "he is my eyes and my ears. He is Marcel Cerdan."

This was true only in business matters. Roupp, and, later on, others, took care of the tiresome paperwork—the matchmaking, the selection of opponents, the drawing of contracts—all of the things Cerdan never troubled his handsome head with.

But in everything else, there was only one Marcel Cerdan. No one else could talk to the ladies as he did; no one else could be the bon vivant, the gay boulevardier Marcel became in Paris—no one else could live life as Marcel lived it. To the hilt. He was a playboy, and there was no stigma attached to it. No matter where he went, his vivid, bubbling personality, his golden-toothed smile, captured all who were lucky enough to be near him.

"Just being in the same room with him," a friend said, "was enough to improve your day. Nobody could feel sad when Marcel was around."

Cerdan was a true internationalist. Striding like a god from one great city to another—Rome, Casablanca, New York, Paris, London, Algiers, Brussels, Lisbon, Barcelona, Montreal—he swept over them all, and wherever his footsteps touched, he left a host of starry-eyed women who would never again be quite satisfied with their husbands.

He had no enemies while he was alive. Later, a few irresponsible writers tried to make more of his love life than was proper. They hinted that he neglected his home and family responsibilities for the sake of the boulevards. This was not true. No man whose business takes him abroad—whether he's a fighter, a wrestler, or a traveling salesman—can have the ideal domestic life. Cerdan was no exception.

But Cerdan made the most of his home and his family, and he was always closely bound to them. He married a girl from Casablanca, Marinette, whose father was a grocer. She made a good wife and bore her husband three excellent sons, Marcel, Rene, and Paul. And when Cerdan could be at home, he was the ideal father. During his nine-month reign as champion, he was host to the world at his home in Casa, and in spite of the remoteness of the place, a sizeable part of the world came to worship at his shrine. Among the worshippers was a young amateur lightweight from Oran, 60 miles away.

Lahouari Godih, an 18-year-old Arab, had never been to Mecca—the goal of every Moslem—but Lahouari didn't care. In 1949, he made the pilgrimage to the new Mecca, the house of Marcel Cerdan's birth, in Sidi-bel-Abbes. The old men of Sidi pointed out the house to him, and young Lahouari Godih's feelings give an indication of what Cerdan meant to his people—the French, Arabs, Spanish, and all others who came under his spell.

"I stood there," recalled Godih, "and a heavy weight seemed to be on my chest. I felt the way the Christians must feel when they visit Jerusalem. I could feel the tears beginning in my eyes, so I turned away quickly so that the old ones would not think I was weak. But I knew that from now on I would be stronger than ever in my life."

Not long afterward, Godih fought on one of the amateur fight cards in Casablanca. Marcel Cerdan refereed his bout. When it was over, the great man said to the youth, "Listen to your manager. Sweat! Someday you'll be a fine fighter."

"This time," says Godih, "I felt as Moses must have felt when God appeared and spoke to him."

In 1957, Larry Godih went on to become lightweight champion of France. He was only one of the many young fighters inspired by the words and the mere presence of Marcel

(Continued on page 68)

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Marcel Cerdan

(Continued from page 67)

Cerdan.

Another visitor in those days was Rene Dunan, sports editor of the *Paris Soir*. He said, "When Cerdan greeted me on the Boulevard de la Gare, the Fifth Avenue of Casablanca, he was followed by at least a dozen persons. Then he hailed a cab and we dashed off to his apartment on the Boulevard Gambetta. I asked him if he always abandoned his friends that way. He said, 'My friends? I don't know any of them! Everywhere I go they gather around me and just stare. I'm happy they like me, but it gets tiresome, having no privacy at all.' "

At his own restaurant-bar in Casa, it was the same way. Cerdan couldn't even sneak in for a quiet glass of wine without being mobbed. But this he liked because he knew who he was with, and often took part in spirited discussions around the bar. Too busy for business, as always, he had put the restaurant under the care of his brothers.

Only in his apartment came the peace of real privacy. He lived well. In the morning he would have breakfast in bed, usually shared with his youngest son, Paul, then still an infant. Sometimes before getting up, he would read a chapter of one of Peter Cheney's detective stories. Rising, he would go to the restaurant to discuss business with brothers Armand and Antoine. After that would come a five-mile trip, driven in a rugged old Dodge that he bought after fighting Lavern Roach in New York, to his farm near Marrakech, one of the towns made famous by the Legion. And on this farm he had some pigs—140 of them—along with two dozen head of fine Holland cows. Oddly enough, this hero, who was afraid of no man, was afraid of pigs! He wouldn't enter the sty for anything, which amused his workers. Satisfied that the pace was being run properly, Cerdan would drive back home for dinner. Marinette was a good cook, and when Marcel wasn't in training, he ate too well. He knew he could easily get rid of extra weight. Few fighters have ever been in such consistent good shape.

That was Cerdan at home. Such times were all too rare, and it had been that way since the end of World War II. It was the War itself that had brought Cerdan to the attention of the world, although he had been noticed by American visitors to the Palais des Sports for some years earlier. The most important of these had been veteran boxing man Lew Burston, who was to have a profound influence on the last years of Cerdan's life.

As the foreign ambassador of Madison Square Garden, Burston had one of the most enviable jobs in the sports world. Since the mid-'30s, Burston had traveled around the world, mostly in Europe, observing young fighters and tapping them for appearances in the United States. The list of fine foreign talent who owe their international fame to Burston is too long to print; here are only a few: Danny Frush, Rene de Vos, Pedro Montanez, Pete Sansone, and, Burston adds, "from that foreign principality, Brooklyn, Al 'Bummy' Davis."

It was in 1937 that Burston, at his base in Paris, first heard of a young firebrand middleweight just up from the deserts of North Africa. The mere description of the fighter was enough to set his pulses throbbing. He went to the Palais for a firsthand look.

"What I saw that night convinced me that this black-eyed, handsome whirlwind was just the tonic that the middleweight division needed after seven years of stagnation," he said. "I was determined to sign him up and get him to the States *tout de suite*—meaning right away!

"There was one problem. Cerdan was managed by one of the finest men ever to enter the boxing business, my friend Lucien Roupp. I couldn't horn in on Lucien, so I stayed around as adviser. I cabled [promoter] Mike Jacobs, and we started negotiations. If things had gone well, we would have had the greatest middleweight since Ketchel in Madison Square Garden by 1939. But then came another problem—and even I couldn't lick that one—World War II. Marcel was frozen in Europe. I had to wait—for seven more years."

During the first three years of the War, Cerdan was in the French Coast Artillery. He kept in shape by muscling heavy ammo around and sparring. The Germans came in 1940, and Cerdan returned to Casablanca. While there, he was involved in a spectacular interlude that has become a part of the Cerdan legend.

In 1942, Cerdan was offered 400,000 francs to put his European welter-

(Continued on page 70)

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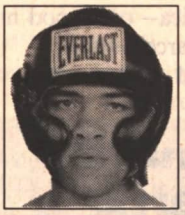

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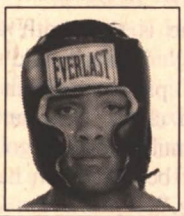

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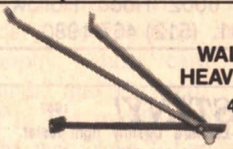

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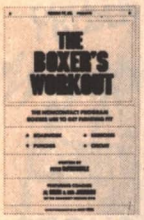

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Marcel Cerdan

(Continued from page 68)

weight title on the line against Jose Ferrer of Spain, the fight to be held in Marseilles. In 1939, Cerdan had won the championship from Saverio Turiello in Milan, and did it in so magnetic a style that even the partisan Italians cheered him, with some of the crowd leaping into the ring to kiss him. Turiello said, "He was such a wonderful fellow that even I was almost glad he won!"

Just as Roupp and Cerdan were about to take off for Marseilles, they received a telegram from the French Boxing Federation ordering them to Paris. There was nothing to do but obey, since the Nazis were running the show. When they got to Paris, they found that the original Boxing Federation had been replaced by a German-controlled committee.

Cerdan and Roupp hated the cheering French collaborators who attended the Ferrer fight even more than they hated the Nazis who had trod on them. Cerdan resolved to entertain them as little as possible. Ferrer was a good fighter, but he might as well have been the rankest amateur, so far as a riled-up Cerdan was concerned.

The French champion knocked the Spaniard out at 1:23 of the first round with a vicious assault. Afterward, the German brass and their Vichy puppets crowded into the dressing room, showering Cerdan with cries of *"Magnifique!"* and *"Sehr gut!"* They insisted that the fighter and his manager attend a dinner party in their honor later in the evening.

Right away, Roupp knew what was up. A veteran of World War I, the manager realized that the Germans would make sure they took pictures of Cerdan and themselves and then use the pictures for propaganda purposes. As it did to many prominent figures in those years, the incident could have a very bad effect on Cerdan's career.

"We," Roupp told his fighter, "are clearing out. Now!"

He got their travel orders out. After the phrase, " . . . free conduct to Paris," he penned the words, " . . . and return to Casablanca." If they were caught, he knew, the penalty could be a stiff one. Cerdan agreed that they should try it.

Leaving Paris that very evening by a circuitous route, the two made their way to Marseilles. Several times they were stopped by the military police, and each time they brazenly showed their forged travel orders. There was no trouble. Not many of the police, regardless of their political status of the moment, wanted to cause trouble for the illustrious Cerdan, who had already jolted his way into the hearts of all Europeans.

It took them a month to reach Casablanca. Once there, they found out—as they expected—that they were in deep trouble. The Germans had vacated Cerdan's title and ordered him returned to Paris. What they would do to him was anybody's guess. But it would not be good. A Nazi, Cerdan knew, would sooner be shot than humiliated.

What should they do? Where could they hide out? Would they have to spend the rest of the War holed up in some Arab pesthole, never to stir abroad, even by night? The future looked grim.

They needn't have worried. A few days after their return, a gang of Americans arrived in North Africa. Instead of Cerdan and Roupp, it was the Germans who suddenly left. It was November 8, 1942, and the Allied invasion was underway. Thus began a thrilling new phase in the career of Mercel Cerdan. You might say that when the mountains would not go to Mohammed, Mohammed went to the mountain; since Marcel could not go to America, America—or a good hunk of it—went to Marcel. ■

To be continued next month.

Leonard-Hearns

(Continued from page 47)

"The bottom line is that both are exceptional boxers," Steward said at the last prefight press conference. "Their ability is so close. Their amateur careers were similar. You're going to see a great bout because both have something to prove."

As had been predicted, Hearns started out as the aggressor and won the first two rounds by scoring with his lightning-quick jab. Leonard, as he had done in the Duran rematch, and would do in his bout with Marvelous Marvin Hagler five years later, spent the early part of the fight circling wide, staying out of trouble, and, as a result, landing few effective shots.

Both champions punched more often in the third round, which Leonard won on two cards. The tempo increased in the fourth and fifth, which Hearns swept. With one-third of The Showdown history, the stalking Hit Man had built an impressive lead.

"No one's seen my guy at his best," Dundee had said before the fight. "The best is yet to come."

In round six, Hearns found out what the best was like. During an exchange, a Leonard hook squeezed through Hearns' gloves and caused a delayed stagger. As soon as Leonard realized Hearns was hurt, he jumped on his wounded foe and landed hard shots to the head and body. Hearns tried to escape, but Leonard continued to land.

"The fight was going the way I thought it would up until the sixth round, when Leonard hurt Tommy with a left hook," said Steward. "I was just totally, totally shocked. Ever since I had known Tommy, he had such a good chin. And he very seldom got hit with left hooks. It was usually right hands."

Leonard opened the seventh round outjabbing Hearns. Both fighters stayed in ring center and scored with hard punches. After they circled clockwise, Leonard feinted several times, then nailed Hearns with an overhand right that sent the WBA champion reeling. Hearns' legs buckled twice, but he would not go down.

With Dundee screaming "Body! Body!", Leonard opened up and scored both downstairs and up. Late in the round, Leonard twice worked Hearns into a corner. It was the most one-sided round of the fight.

When Hearns staggered back to his corner, Steward was waiting for him.

"Do you want me to stop the fight?" he asked. After the anticipated reply, he urged Hearns on. "Well, you're not punching, man. I'm going to have to stop it if you don't punch. Throw the damned right hand, and throw it hard. If you don't, I'm going to stop the damn fight!"

What transpired over the next five rounds was surprising, if not shocking. At the start of the eighth round, Hearns reverted to his amateur days, rising to his toes, jabbing, and outscoring Leonard. A pistonlike left and a handful of rights found Leonard's left eye, which began to close. The process was accelerated due to a bruise Leonard had sustained on his left cheek while in sparring.

The swelling was starting to worry Leonard's corner. But Dundee was able to minimize the damage due to his use of a relatively new piece of equipment, the Enswell device.

"Dr. Michael Sabia from New Jersey sent me this little piece of metal," Dundee recalled. "I'm always looking for different ways to improve treatments for fighters between rounds. It was the first time I ever used it, and it really helped."

After three rounds of sticking and moving, Hearns had regained the lead on all three cards. More importantly, he had regained control of the fight. He had stunned most observers—and Leonard—by switching styles and, as a result, initiating a trade of roles.

"The puncher turned into a terrific boxer, and the boxer became a puncher," said Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, who served as ringside analyst on the closed-circuit broadcast that night. "The switching of roles ultimately resulted in the winning of the fight by Leonard."

In the 11th and 12th rounds, Hearns switched gears to forward. He was again stalking Leonard and connecting with the harder punches.

"When Hearns started to box, I thought it was a mistake," says Pacheco. "I didn't expect him to dominate Leonard. But initially, at least, he turned it to his advantage."

When Leonard returned to his corner at the end of the round 12, he was greeted by a concerned Dundee. What transpired is perhaps the most famous pep talk in boxing history.

"Let's go Ray, you only got nine minutes," said the trainer. "You're blowin' it, son. You're blowin' it."

After applying the Enswell to the slit that was Leonard's battered left eye, Dundee sent his charge to battle with a final order: "You've got to be quicker, you've got to take it away from him. Okay?"

"Okay."

"I didn't realize that Ray was trailing on points," Dundee recalled. "But he had lost his momentum, and I was trying to juice him up."

About 90 seconds into round 13, the juice began to flow. Leonard rocked Hearns with a right to the head. The Kronk's prize jewel tried to clinch, but Sugar Ray flailed away like a child throwing a tantrum. He drove Hearns into the ropes, and almost through them, but referee Davey Pearl ruled a slip. Leonard then continued the assault and fired hard lefts and rights, twice hitting on the break. He again drove Hearns into the ropes late in the round, and this time Pearl issued a count. The weary Hit Man got to his feet at nine and was saved by the bell.

In the 14th round, a right to the body drove Hearns to the ropes. With his corner once again screaming "Body!", Leonard continued to stalk. An overhand right sent Hearns sliding along the ropes, and a left to the jaw followed. For a moment, it seemed that Hearns was out on his feet. But he did not go down. He tried jabbing, dancing, and throwing short rights, but his punches were weak.

With Hearns against the ropes, Leonard landed three consecutive hooks, to the head, body, and head. Pearl stepped in at the 1:45 mark.

"To this minute, I still don't know how Leonard pushed that button," said Pacheco. "But you've got to give Ray credit. When he got Hearns in trouble, he swarmed."

To the amazement of Leonard and his camp, and most of the ringside press, Sugar Ray was trailing on all three cards after 13 rounds. Duane Ford had it 124-122, Chuck Minker 125-121, and Lou Tabat 125-122. The trio of Nevada-licensed judges was heavily criticized. But in Columbus, Ohio, the 7,000 households watching on pay-per-view were in virtual agreement with the official cards. (In a unique hookup, those viewers were able to score the fight electronically.) Also having Hearns in front were legendary blow-by-blow announcer Don Dunphy, whose card read 9-3-1 in rounds, and Pacheco.

"In the middle rounds I knew the fight was close," Leonard said afterward. "I think he had the edge because he was scoring and I wasn't throwing many punches. I brought it up from my guts, from the bottom of my heart."

In defeat, Hearns proved he had the heart of a champion and the skills that would shine even brighter over the next 10 years. In victory, Leonard forever silenced his critics. He had outboxed Benitez, demoralized Duran, and, now, outhit the Hitman. No longer did the old-timers demand an apology for his taking Ray Robinson's nickname. On that September night to remember, *this* Sugar Ray proved that he was the most talented fighter of his era, forging an image of greatness that will never be forgotten. For Ray Leonard, sugar or no sugar, the victory was as sweet as it could have been. ■

Worldwide Ratings

WBC as of June

WBA as of June

IBF as of July

HEAVYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Evander Holyfield (USA)	C	C	C
Mike Tyson (USA)	1	1	5
Razor Ruddock (CAN)	2	5	6
George Foreman (USA)	3	4	1
Tim Witherspoon (USA)	4	6	7
Alex Stewart (JAM)	5	12	9
Riddick Bowe (USA)	6	7	3
Lennox Lewis (GB)	7	3	4
Renaldo Snipes (USA)	8	-	-
Larry Holmes (USA)	9	-	-
James Douglas (USA)	10	11	-
Pierre Coetzer (SA)	-	2	2
Tommy Morrison (USA)	11	8	-
Tony Tucker (USA)	-	9	11
Alex Garcia (USA)	16	10	-
Carl Williams (USA)	14	-	8
Mike Evans (USA)	18	-	10

CRUISERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Massimiliano Duran (ITA)	C	-	-
Anaclet Wamba (FRA)	1	5	11
Johnny Nelson (GB)	2	9	7
Carlos DeLeon (PR)	3	10	-
Derek Angol (GB)	4	3	8
Mike Hunter (USA)	5	4	-
Taoufik Belbouli (FRA)	6	1	-
Robert Daniels (USA)	7	2	-
James Warring (USA)	8	8	2
Craig Peterson (AUSTRL)	9	-	-
Alfred Cole (USA)	10	6	3
Bash Ali (USA)	13	7	4
Bobby Czyz (USA)	-	C	-
Jeff Lampkin (USA)	-	-	C
James Pritchard (USA)	-	-	1
Richard Mason (USA)	11	-	5
Iby Zimmerman (CAU)	-	-	6
Phil Jackson (USA)	-	-	9
Nate Miller (USA)	14	12	10

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Dennis Andries (GB)	C	-	-
Jeff Harding (AUSTRL)	1	5	10
Virgil Hill (USA)	2	3	3
Isaias Lucero (MEX)	3	4	4
David Vedder (USA)	4	-	-
Frank Tate (USA)	5	-	1
Guy Waters (AUSTRL)	6	8	-
Graciano Rocchigiani (GER)	7	2	2
Andrew Maynard (USA)	8	1	9
Esteban Pizarro (PR)	9	7	8
Anthony Hembrick (USA)	10	6	6
Thomas Hearns (USA)	-	C	-
Charles Williams (USA)	-	-	C
Ed Mack (USA)	-	9	11
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	12	10	-
Vincent Boulware (USA)	-	-	5
Freddie Delgado (PR)	17	-	7

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Mauro Galvano (ITA)	C	-	-
Ron Essett (USA)	1	1	6
Lindell Holmes (USA)	2	6	3
Christophe Tiozzo (FRA)	3	5	9
Tony Thornton (USA)	4	3	5
Randall Yonker (USA)	5	9	-
James Cook (GB)	6	2	-
Dan Schommer (USA)	7	-	-
Juan Carlos Gimenez (PAR)	8	-	7
Tony Byrd (USA)	9	7	4
Lenzie Morgan (USA)	10	-	-
Victor Cordoba (PAN)	-	C	-
Tarmo Uusivirta (FIN)	12	4	-
John Jarvis (USA)	21	8	1
Troy Darrell (USA)	26	10	-
Darrin Van Horn (USA)	-	-	C
Michael Nunn (USA)	-	-	2
Thulani Malinga (SA)	-	-	8
Nelson Alves (GER)	17	-	10

MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julian Jackson (USA)	C	-	-
Dennis Milton (USA)	1	1	3
Michael Nunn (USA)	2	5	-
Sumbu Kalambay (ITA)	3	4	4
Herol Graham (GB)	4	9	9
Reggie Johnson (USA)	5	3	1
Michael Watson (GB)	6	-	5
Steve Collins (USA)	7	2	8
Francesco Dell'Aquila (ITA)	8	6	-
Nigel Benn (GB)	9	-	6
Willie Monroe (USA)	10	-	-
Mike McCallum (JAM)	-	C	-
Tyrone Trice (USA)	-	7	-
Kid Milo (GB)	13	8	-
Lamar Parks (USA)	20	10	-
James Toney (USA)	-	-	C
Marlon Starling (USA)	-	-	2
Iran Barkley (USA)	-	-	7
Ruben Cabral (ARG)	22	-	10

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Terry Norris (USA)	C	-	-
Jorge Castro (ARG)	1	2	2
Brett Lally (USA)	2	10	6
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	3	-	-
Aaron Davis (USA)	4	1	3
Glenn Wolfe (USA)	5	7	1
Jorge Vaca (MEX)	6	12	9
Mark Breland (USA)	7	4	4
Yung Kil Chung (KOR)	8	11	-
Chris Pyatt (GB)	9	-	-
Gilbert Baptist (USA)	10	-	-
Gilbert Dele (FRA)	-	C	-
Julio Cesar Vazquez (ARG)	11	3	11
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	17	5	-
Jun Sok Hwang (KOR)	23	6	-
Gregory Clark (SA)	-	8	-
Hugo Olivares (BOL)	-	9	-
Gianfranco Rosi (ITA)	-	-	C
Tyrone Trice (USA)	13	-	5
Roy Jones (USA)	27	-	7
Ron Amundsen (USA)	-	-	8
Vincent Pettway (USA)	-	-	10

WELTERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Simon Brown (USA)	C	-	-
Buddy McGirt (USA)	1	1	1
Maurice Blocker (USA)	2	7	3
Glenwood Brown (USA)	3	3	2
Genaro Leon (MEX)	4	9	7
Patrizio Oliva (ITA)	5	8	4
Marlon Starling (USA)	6	-	-
Luis Garcia (VEN)	7	4	6
Hiroyuki Yoshino (JAP)	8	10	-
Santos Cardona (PR)	9	-	-
Vernon Phillips (USA)	10	-	-
Meldrick Taylor (USA)	-	C	-
Crisanto Espana (VEN)	14	2	8
Carl Daniels (USA)	-	5	5
Jong Oh Park (KOR)	11	6	12
David Gonzalez (USA)	19	-	9
Stephan Johnson (USA)	-	-	10

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	C	-	-
Angel Hernandez (PR)	1	2	-
Juan M. Coggi (ARG)	2	3	-
Roger Mayweather (USA)	3	4	2
Alberto Cortes (ARG)	4	-	-
Pat Barrett (GB)	5	5	6
Harold Brazier (USA)	6	-	10
Loreto Garza (USA)	7	8	8
Rodney Moore (USA)	8	7	5
Lonnie Smith (USA)	9	-	-
Terrence Ali (USA)	10	6	3
Edwin Rosario (PR)	-	C	-
Akinobu Hiranaka (JAP)	27	1	-
Pyung Sup Kim (KOR)	-	9	-

Rafael Pineda (COL)	11	10	1
Gianfranco Rosi (ITA)	-	-	C
Charles Murray (USA)	15	-	4
Greg Haugen (USA)	13	-	7
Vince Phillips (USA)	-	-	9

LIGHTWEIGHT	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	C	C	C
Chil Sung Chun (KOR)	1	2	-
Poli Diaz (SPA)	2	1	7
Darryl Tyson (USA)	3	3	4
Jorge Paez (MEX)	4	5	1
Freddie Pendleton (USA)	5	-	2
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	6	8	9
Carl Crook (GB)	7	-	11
Rafael Ruelas (USA)	8	-	8
Shane Knox (AUSTRL)	9	-	10
Tracy Spann (USA)	10	6	3
Antonio Esparragoza (VEN)	-	4	-
Iwao Otomo (JAP)	18	7	-
Omar Flores (MEX)	15	9	-
Ricardo Toledo (CHILE)	-	10	-
Eduardo Molina (COL)	20	-	5
Miguel Julio (COL)	-	-	6

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHT	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	C	-	-
Jeff Fenech (AUSTRL)	1	2	-
John-John Molina (PR)	2	-	1
Tyrone Downes (TRIN)	3	-	-
Genaro Hernandez (USA)	4	1	10
Daniel Londas (FRA)	5	4	6
Bernard Taylor (USA)	6	-	8
Pedro Gutierrez (ARG)	7	-	-
Marcos Guevera (VEN)	8	-	-
Takeyuki Akagi (JAP)	9	7	-
Regilio Tuur (HOL)	10	8	-
Joey Gamache (USA)	12	C	7
Anibal Nieves (VEN)	-	3	-
Pierre Lorcy (FRA)	19	5	-
Mon Soon Kim (KOR)	24	6	-
Eugene Speed (USA)	18	9	-
Fernando Caicedo (COL)	25	10	2
Tony Lopez (USA)	-	-	C
Brian Mitchell (SA)	-	-	3
Coco Ramirez (MEX)	-	-	4
Jerry Ngobeni (SA)	-	-	5
Calvin Grove (USA)	16	-	9

FEATHERWEIGHT	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Marcos Villasana (MEX)	C	-	-
Ricardo Cepeda (USA)	1	2	-
Paul Hodkinson (GB)	2	4	-
Louie Espinoza (USA)	3	-	3
Manuel Medina (COL)	4	7	8
Antonio Esparragoza (VEN)	5	-	-
Ever Beleno (COL)	6	9	-
Tom Johnson (USA)	7	5	1
Miguel Francia (ARG)	8	-	-
Lupe Gutierrez (USA)	9	-	2
Kevin Kelley (USA)	10	8	-
Yung Kyun Park (KOR)	-	C	-
Eloy Rojas (VEN)	11	1	-
Jackie Gunguluza (SA)	-	3	9
Rafael Ruelas (USA)	-	6	-
Fabrice Benichou (FRA)	12	10	-
Troy Dorsey (USA)	-	-	C
November Ntshingila (SA)	-	-	4
Jose Rodriguez (PR)	-	-	5
James Leija (USA)	18	-	6
Cedric Mingo (USA)	-	-	7
Alfred Rangel (USA)	13	-	10

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHT	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	C	-	-
Tracy Patterson (USA)	1	1	2
Kiyoshi Hatanaka (JAP)	2	-	-
Jesus Salud (USA)	3	-	9
Pedro Decima (ARG)	4	-	5
Arcelio Diaz (COL)	5	3	3
Paul Banke (USA)	6	-	-
Ki Jun Lee (KOR)	7	-	-
Freddy Cruz (DR)	8	2	-
Chun Huh (KOR)	9	6	-
Jae Won Choi (KOR)	10	-	-
Luis Mendoza (COL)	-	C	-
Jemal Hinton (USA)	12	4	8
Ramon Guzman (VEN)	-	5	6
Noree Jockygym (THAI)	20	7	-
Wilfredo Vasquez (PR)	11	8	-
Bung Chul Kim (KOR)	-	9	-
Porfirio Hernandez (MEX)	-	10	-
Welcome Ncita (SA)	-	-	C
Baby Rojas (USA)	-	-	1
Richard Duran (USA)	-	-	4
Kennedy McKinney (USA)	24	11	7
Hurley Snead (USA)	-	-	10

BANTAMWEIGHT	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Greg Richardson (USA)	C	-	-
Pepillo Valdez (MEX)	1	-	10
Raul Perez (MEX)	2	-	9
Victor Rabanales (MEX)	3	12	-
Chang Kyun Oh (KOR)	4	-	-
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	5	3	-
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	6	8	-
Gerardo Martinez (USA)	7	-	11
Hector Acero (DR)	8	6	-
Thierry Jacob (FRA)	9	10	2
Eliecer Julio (COL)	10	2	-
Luisito Espinosa (PHIL)	-	C	-
Israel Contreras (VEN)	-	1	1
Abraham Torres (VEN)	-	4	-
Yun Chun Min (KOR)	11	5	-
Junior Jones (USA)	12	7	-
Eddie Cook (USA)	28	9	8
Orlando Canizales (USA)	-	-	C
Francisco Alvarez (COL)	14	-	3
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	-	-	4
Duke McKenzie (GB)	18	-	5
Billy Hardy (GB)	15	-	6
Kiyoshi Hatanaka (JAP)	-	-	7

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHT	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Sung Kil Moon (KOR)	C	-	-
Johnny Tapia (USA)	1	4	4
Katsuya Onizuka (JAP)	2	2	10
Armando Castro (MEX)	3	8	8
Thalerngsak Sithbaobay (THAI)	4	3	-
Armando Salazar (MEX)	5	10	-
Nana Konadu (GHA)	6	-	-
Ernesto Ford (PAN)	7	9	-
Rey Paciones (PHIL)	8	5	2
Kenji Matsumura (JAP)	9	7	-
Luiz Ferreira (BRA)	10	-	-
Khaosai Galaxy (THAI)	-	C	-
David Griman (VEN)	11	1	-
Akeem Anifowoshe (NIG)	-	6	-
Robert Quiroga (USA)	-	-	C
Carlos Mercado (COL)	13	-	1
Daorung Chuvatana (THAI)	-	-	3
Joel Luna (MEX)	-	-	5
Satoshi Shingaki (JAP)	-	-	6
Vincenzo Belcastro (ITA)	-	-	7
Marianus (INDO)	27	12	9

FLYWEIGHT	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Muangchai Kittikasem (THAI)	C	-	-
Sot Chitalada (THAI)	1	-	-
Jung Koo Chang (KOR)	2	-	-
Isaias Zamudio (USA)	3	-	9
Yun Un Chin (KOR)	4	6	-
Jonathan Penalosa (PHIL)	5	2	2
Alberto Jimenez (MEX)	6	-	-
Hugo Soto (ARG)	7	-	-
Francisco Tejedor (COL)	8	-	-
Yuri Arbachakov (USSR)	9	10	-
Richard Clarke (JAM)	10	-	5
Yong Kang Kim (KOR)	-	C	-
Rodolfo Blanco (COL)	11	1	1
Kotaro Hayashi (JAP)	19	3	-
Elvis Alvarez (COL)	-	4	-
Yul Woo Lee (KOR)	13	5	-
Alvaro Mercado (COL)	-	7	-
Julio Gudino (PAN)	18	8	-
Leo Gamez (VEN)	-	9	-
Dave McAuley (IRE)	-	-	C
Tongchai Kittikasem (THAI)	-	-	3
Torsak Osoisapa (THAI)	-	11	4
Azadin Anhar (INDO)	-	-	6
Al Kotey (GHA)	25	-	7
Ricky Romero (USA)	-	-	8
Scotty Olson (USA)	-	-	10

LIGHT FLYWEIGHT	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Humberto Gonzalez (MEX)	C	-	-
Domingo Sosa (DR)	1	10	1
Rolando Pascua (PHIL)	2	-	3
Melchor Cob Castro (MEX)	3	6	7
Hiroki Ioka (JAP)	4	1	-
Nam Hoon Cha (KOR)	5	2	-
Santiago Mendez (MEX)	6	-	-
Gerry Penalosa (PHIL)	7	9	10
Jeung Keun Lim (KOR)	8	-	-
Ismael Rodriguez (MEX)	9	-	-
Leon Salazar (PAN)	10	-	5
Myung Woo Yuh (KOR)	-	C	-
Jacob Matlala (SA)	-	3	-
Benedicto Murillo (PAN)	-	4	-
Robinson Cuestas (PAN)	21	5	2
Juan A. Torres (PAN)	-	7	-
Kajkong Danphoothai (THAI)	28	8	-
Michael Carbajal (USA)	-	-	C
Boy Lucas (PHIL)	-	-	4
Antonio Perez (MEX)	11	-	6
Javier Varguez (MEX)	-	-	8
Rey Hernandez (MEX)	23	-	9

STRAWWEIGHT	**WBC**	**WBA**	**IBF**
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	C	-	-
Kyung Yung Lee (KOR)	1	-	-
Hideyuki Ohashi (JAP)	2	5	-
Rocky Lim (JAP)	3	3	3
Ala Villamor (PHIL)	4	9	2
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	5	2	7
Bong Jun Kim (KOR)	6	1	-
Pretty Boy Lucas (PHIL)	7	4	-
Alfredo Xeque (MEX)	8	-	-
Danny Nunez (DR)	9	7	-
Sung Woo Lee (KOR)	10	-	-
Hi Yong Choi (KOR)	-	C	-
Carlos Rodriguez (VEN)	28	6	-
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	21	8	-
Katsumi Komiyama (JAP)	-	10	-
Far-Lan Lookmingkwan (THAI)	-	-	C
Felix Naranjo (COL)	-	-	1
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	13	12	4
Said Iskandar (INDO)	26	-	5
Eric Chavez (PHIL)	-	-	6
Abdi Pohan (INDO)	-	-	8
Soo Yong Kwon (KOR)	-	-	9
Silverio Barcenas (PAN)	14	11	10

The RING CLASSIC

HOME OF THE BRAVE

Old-Timers Asked And Gave No Quarter . . . And Even In Defeat They Had Their Moments

From The Ring, January 1958

By Al Buck

When the seventh round ended, James J. Braddock knew he was face to face with defeat. Everybody in Comiskey Park, home of the Chicago White Sox, on that June night sensed that Joe Louis was on the verge of winning the world heavyweight championship.

"I'm going to stop it, Jimmy," manager Joe Gould told the battered champion.

"If you do, I'll never speak to you again," Braddock mumbled through split and bleeding lips.

The gong sounded and Braddock advanced, to be knocked out by a terrific right to the jaw. He finished flat on his face, a champion to the last.

It was that way with the old guard. They neither asked for nor gave quarter.

Louis in his greatest hour was a relentless, heartless executioner. Henry Armstrong was the same as he hammered his way to the welterweight championship in the Garden Bowl at Long Island City. Barney Ross, making his last stand, was on his feet at the finish, but he had been pounded throughout the 15 rounds.

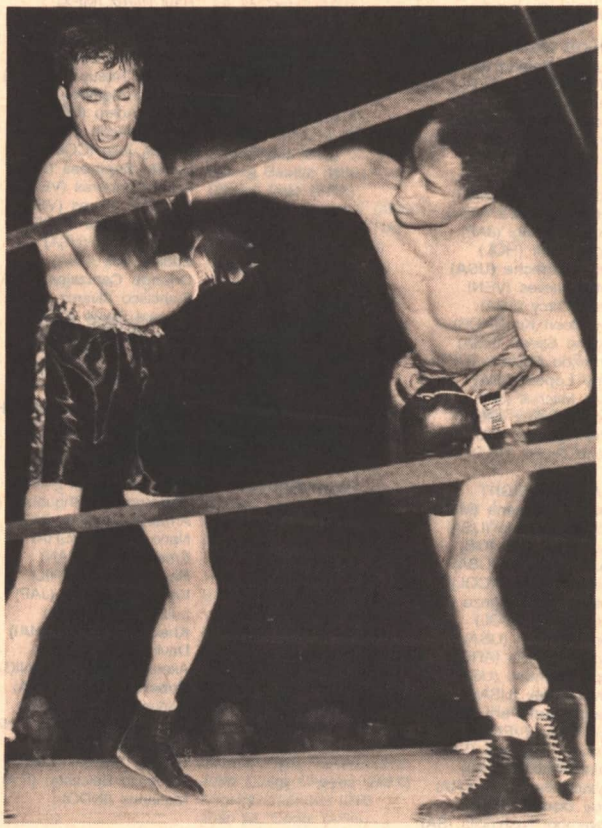
In the dressing room afterward, Ross announced his retirement.

"Do you think you could have beaten Armstrong when you were in your prime?" a reporter asked the former champion.

"I don't know," answered Barney. "All I know is I couldn't beat him tonight."

The end came for Armstrong as well, as it must for all champions, but not until he had given all he had to give. The triple champion was defending the last of his three titles—the welterweight crown—against Fritzie Zivic. Fritzie did a thorough job. He had Henry cut up, hurt, and bruised, and still the champion fought on through the 15th round.

When the bell sounded, ending the fight, and not until then, the exhausted Armstrong pitched face-forward on the canvas.



Henry Armstrong pummels Barney Ross during their one-sided welterweight title bout in May 1938. It was the last bout of Ross' marvelous career.

This was a dramatic ending, or so it seemed, to a great career, but there was more to come. There was the return bout, and again Zivic was victorious. Henry was a beaten, battered, and bleeding fighter as he slumped on his stool

at the end of the 10th round. The referee came over to stop the fight.

"Please let me try one more round," Armstrong pleaded. The referee agreed against his better judgment. Armstrong went out and actually won the 11th round. That was as far as he could go. The referee had to stop it in the 12th.

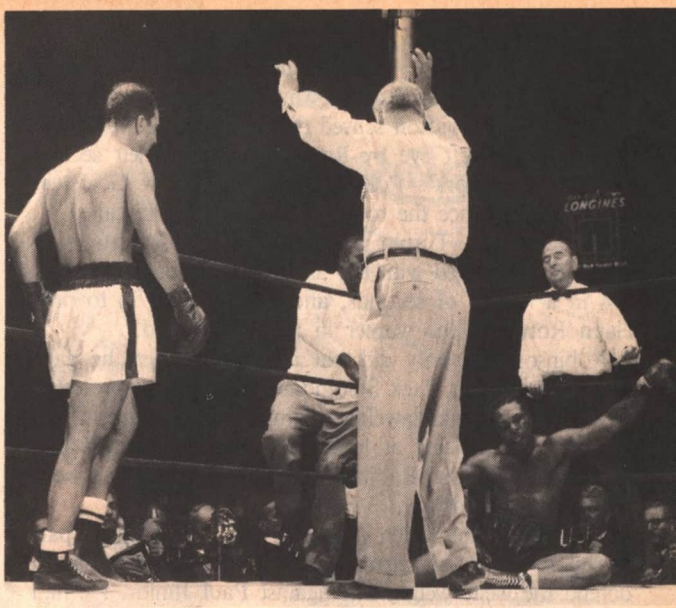
Although he still rules as world light heavyweight champion, Archie Moore belongs to the old guard. Fighting Rocky Marciano for the heavyweight title, Ancient Archie refused to surrender. Referee Harry Kessler wanted to stop it at the end of the eighth.

"Don't do it," said Moore with blazing pride. "If I lose, it must be by a knockout."

He was knocked out in the next round, the ninth, but he went down fighting.

The modern-day champion may be inspired by the same spirit as the old-time kings of the ring, but fights under different rules. "Hurricane" Jackson's futile effort to win the world heavyweight title from Floyd Patterson is an example. Referee Ruby Goldstein stopped the fight when Jackson was still on his feet. This was unheard of even a few years ago.

Nobody seriously questioned Goldstein's judgment. Jackson had been knocked down, he was badly beaten, and he had no chance of winning. While Ruby's action was greeted by a few boos, they came from the greedy, who had wagered Jackson would go the limit, as he had in their first fight, when the decision was split.



Archie Moore wasn't strong enough to dethrone Rocky Marciano, but he was courageous enough to demand that the heavyweight champion knock him out.

Boxers get better medical care today, and there is always a doctor at ringside on whom the referee may call on if he thinks a fighter is in danger of being seriously injured. Imagine Jess Willard being allowed to continue after being knocked down seven times in the first round, as he was by Jack Dempsey in Toledo.

THE RING RATINGS, *January 1958*

Joe Brown

HEAVYWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Floyd Patterson**, Brooklyn, NY

1. **Eddie Machen**, Redding, CA
2. **Zora Folley**, Chandler, AZ
3. **Willie Pastrano**, New Orleans, LA
4. **Roy Harris**, Cut and Shoot, TX
5. **Pat McMurtry**, Tacoma, WA
6. **Nino Valdes**, Cuba
7. **Tommy Jackson**, Far Rockaway, NY
8. **Mike DeJohn**, Syracuse, NY
9. **Wayne Bethea**, New York, NY
10. **Alex Miteff**, Argentina

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Archie Moore**, San Diego, CA

1. **Harold Johnson**, Philadelphia, PA
2. **Yolande Pompey**, Trinidad, BWI
3. **Yvon Durelle**, Canada
4. **Tony Anthony**, New York, NY
5. **Willi Hoepner**, Germany
6. **Artenio Calzavara**, Italy
7. **Gerhard Hecht**, Germany
8. **Chuck Spieser**, Lansing, MI
9. **Erich Schoppner**, Germany
10. **Clarence Hinnant**, Washington, D.C.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Carmen Basilio**, Syracuse, NY

1. **Ray Robinson**, New York, NY
2. **Gene Fullmer**, West Jordan, UT
3. **Rory Calhoun**, White Plains, NY
4. **Joey Giardello**, Philadelphia, PA
5. **Charley Humez**, France
6. **Ellsworth "Spider" Webb**, Chicago, IL
7. **Joey Giambra**, San Francisco, CA
8. **Charley Joseph**, New Orleans, LA
9. **Bobby Boyd**, Chicago, IL
10. **Neal Rivers**, Las Vegas, NV

WELTERWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Title Vacant**

1. **Isaac Logart**, Cuba
2. **Virgil Akins**, St. Louis, MO
3. **Tony DeMarco**, Boston, MA
4. **Vince Martinez**, Paterson, NJ
5. **Charley Smith**, Los Angeles, CA
6. **Gil Turner**, Philadelphia, PA
7. **Caspar Ortega**, Mexico
8. **Kid Gavilan**, Cuba
9. **George Barnes**, Australia
10. **Larry Baker**, Mt. Vernon, NY

LIGHTWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Joe Brown**, New Orleans, LA

1. **Duilio Loi**, Italy
2. **Kenny Lane**, Muskegon, MI
3. **Ralph Dupas**, New Orleans, LA
4. **Willie Toweel**, South Africa
5. **Paolo Rosi**, New York, NY
6. **Joey Lopes**, Sacramento, CA
7. **Baby Vasquez**, Mexico
8. **Al Nevarez**, Mexico
9. **Orlando Zulueta**, Cuba
10. **Johnny Busso**, New York, NY

FEATHERWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Hogan "Kid" Bassey**, Nigeria

1. **Cherif Hamia**, France
2. **Ike Chestnut**, New York, NY
3. **Flash Elorde**, Philippines
4. **Davey Moore**, Springfield, OH
5. **Paul Jorgensen**, Port Arthur, TX
6. **Ricardo Gonzalez**, Argentina
7. **Jean Sneyers**, Belgium
8. **Shigeji Kaneko**, Japan
9. **Jose Cotero**, Los Angeles, CA
10. **Victor Manuel Quijana**, Mexico

BANTAMWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Alphonse Halimi**, France

1. **Raul "Raton" Macias**, Mexico
2. **Mario D'Agata**, Italy
3. **Leo Espinosa**, Philippines
4. **Al Asuncion**, Philippines
5. **Piero Rollo**, Italy
6. **Manuel Armenteros**, Cuba
7. **Jose Lopez**, Mexico
8. **Dante Bini**, France
9. **Joe Becerra**, Mexico
10. **Peter Keenan**, Scotland

FLYWEIGHTS

World Champ: **Pascual Perez**, Argentina

1. **Young Martin**, Spain
2. **Ramon Arias**, Venezuela
3. **Dommy Ursua**, Philippines
4. **Masaji "Lefty" Iwamoto**, Japan
5. **Aristide Pozzali**, Italy
6. **Pone Kingpetch**, Thailand
7. **Memo Diez**, Mexico
8. **Hitoshi Misako**, Japan
9. **Ramon Calatayud**, Venezeula
10. **Dennis Adams**, South Africa

That couldn't happen in this era, which Dr. Mal Stevens, head of the New York Commission's medical advisory board, calls the "quick whistle."

Sugar Ray Robinson sensed danger when he was badly cut above the left eye by Randy Turpin in their second fight at New York's Polo Grounds. He knew Goldstein would stop it once the round was over, and he called on his great talents. Turpin was pinned against the ropes as Sugar Ray volleyed with left and rights. Randy was helpless in a matter of seconds, and Ruby leaped in to proclaim Robinson the winner in the 10th round.

Robinson not only did not ask for quarter, he gave none. The British, Jack Solomons among them, protested that Turpin, as middleweight champion, was entitled to be knocked off his feet at least. Nevertheless, the title had been lost and won. Robinson's last-ditch stand had been rewarded with victory.

There are times when judgment can be the better part of valor. I met Armstrong in Boston, where he was to defend the welterweight title against Paul Junior. He had just come from Los Angeles, where he had fought a draw for the midddleweight championship with Ceferino Garcia.

The reporters from the Coast indicated that if anything, Henry had an edge, but under the rules, Garcia had retained the title, at the time recognized only by New York and California. Would the man who was featherweight, lightweight, and welterweight champion simultaneously like to try again?

"I don't think so," answered Armstrong. "Garcia is so big. He hits so hard."

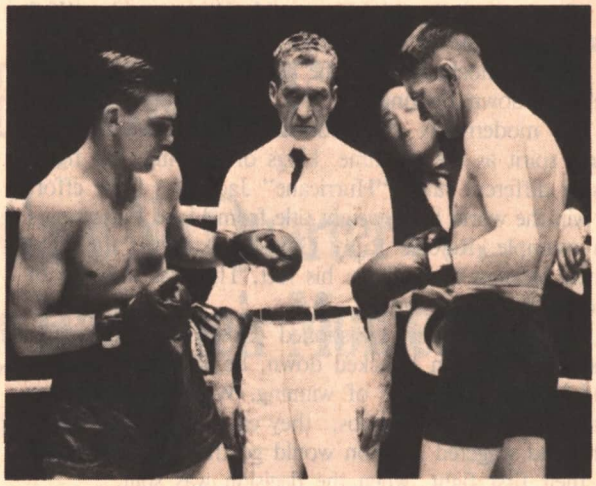
Although Robinson made a bid for the light heavyweight crown against the light-hitting Joey Maxim, only to be defeated by the heat, there were times, when he was at his peak, that it was suggested he try for the heavyweight crown. This was when Ezzard Charles was heavyweight champion, and George Gainford, Sugar's large manager, was among those advocating the fight.

"Me fight the heavyweight champion?" said middleweight Robinson. "You fight him, George."

Big George is not a fighter, but the match, had it been made, would have been interesting. At least Robinson would have enjoyed a Gainford-Charles battle.

Two middleweight champions, Bob Fitzsimmons and Stanley Ketchel, did fight for the heavyweight crown. Fitz was a winner, knocking out James J. Corbett, but, actually, there wasn't much difference in the respective weights of the rivals. Ketchel, however, wasn't so fortunate. He conceded entirely too much height, reach, and weight to one of the ring's great champions, Jack Johnson. Stanley was flattened in the 12th round.

Fitzsimmons was the first fighter to win three world titles. The third was the then-newly created light heavyweight crown. Bob didn't hold them all at the same time, however. He gave up the middleweight before he won the heavyweight, and after losing the heavyweight, he went after the light heavyweight.



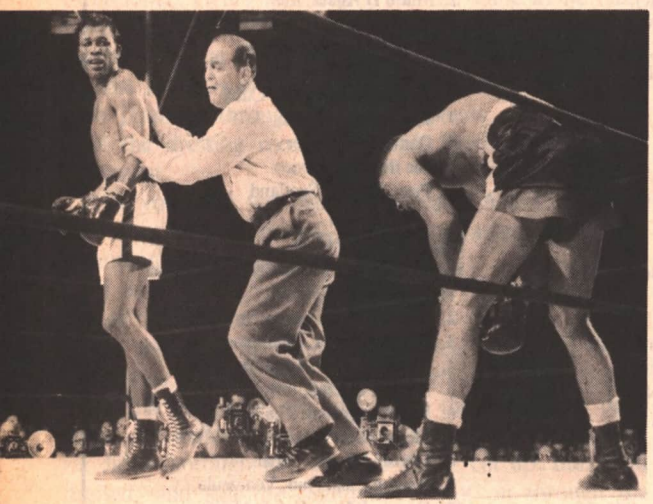
The legendary Harry Greb (left) squares off with Gene Tunney before their first fight, won by Greb on points. Tunney won their next four encounters.

Henry Armstrong earned the distinction of being the only fighter to hold three titles simultaneously. Within one spectacular year, Henry annexed the featherweight, lightweight, and welterweight crowns. The "Armstrong Law," enacted a few years ago, prevents a recurrence of Henry's amazing feat. The rule, put into the books because the various boxing commissions felt that Armstrong had stifled two classes by holding three titles, stipulates that when a champion of one division wins a championship in a heavier class, he must relinquish the lighter crown. This rule applied when Carmen Basilio, welterweight champion, recently won the middleweight laurels from Robinson.

The 150-pound Basilio is a little man as middleweights go. He would have preferred, or at least he toyed with the idea, of giving up his middleweight honors and retaining the welterweight championship. Both the New York commission and the National Boxing Association, functioning under the Armstrong Law, promptly declared the welterweight throne vacant, and at the same time proclaimed Basilio king of the middleweights.

No colder, nor more confident challenger, ever went into battle than the Billy Conn who attempted to win the heavyweight championship from Joe Louis. This was their first fight, and Billy had been forced to relinquish the light heavyweight title so he could fight Louis. The rule has been altered since, allowing the lighter champion to keep his title if he doesn't win the bigger one.

This made no difference to carefree Conn. He had laughed through a series of furioius battles with Fred Apostoli, Melio Bettina, and Gus Lesnevich. He laughed at Louis for 12 rounds. Then, leading on points, the Pittsburgh Kid decided he could knock out the champion. This was what Louis had been waiting for. He countered with a right, and Conn went down. He never heard the referee count 10.



Ruby Goldstein ushers Sugar Ray Robinson away from Randy Turpin at the conclusion of their middleweight title fight rematch in September 1951.

Jack Sharkey reflects after the last fight of his career, a third-round kayo loss to Joe Louis. "How good will Louis be when he's 34?" he asked.

"What's the use of being Irish if you can't lose your head?" wisecracked Conn in the dressing room. This was the old guard speaking, the fighter who neither asked for, expected, or gave quarter.

Four years later, after both had served four years in the Army, Conn and Louis fought again. It would have been better for Billy's memory if he had not tried a second time. Billy relied on speed, and four years of war had robbed him of his one great asset. Louis retained his punch, although he was never again the fighter he had been prior to World War II. Billy was a sitting duck waiting to be killed. Louis ended it in the eighth.

There have been few more startling upsets than the 12th-round knockout Max Schmeling scored over Louis, but Bomber Joe could take the bitter with the sweet. Asked afterward if he was going to view the motion pictures of the fight, Louis replied: "I seen the fight."

It was against Louis that Jack Sharkey made his last stand. For Joe, it was a step back on the road following his defeat by Schmeling. For Jack, it was one for the money, a last fling before retirement. The Sharkey left puzzled Louis for a round, but soon the blood was flowing from old wounds on the "Boston Gob's" face. Louis scored the knockout in the third.

"How good is Louis? Good enough to beat me tonight," said Sharkey in the dressing room after the fight. "Louis is 22 years old, and I'm going on 34. I wonder how good Louis will be when he's 34. How good will he be 12 years from now?"

Here again the old guard was talking, confiding nothing. When Louis was 34, he retired as heavyweight champion after knocking out Jersey Joe Walcott. He came back two years later to be defeated by Ezzard Charles, and he was 37 when Rocky Marciano knocked him out.

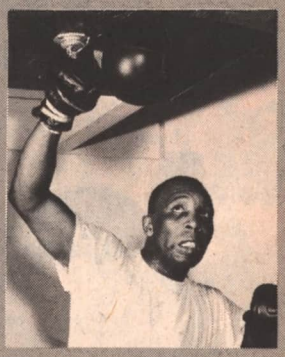
Gene Tunney suffered only one defeat, taking a terrific beating from Harry Greb in the first of their five fights. His nose was broken in the first round, and he bled from various cuts throughout the fight. Yet finished on his feet. Oddly enough, the setback convinced Gene he could win the world heavyweight championship.

"Greb couldn't knock me out, although he had me helpless," said Tunney in asking for another fight. He hadn't asked for quarter, and he was going to fight on. The old guard didn't know what it was to surrender. Even in defeat, the old-timers had their moments. ■

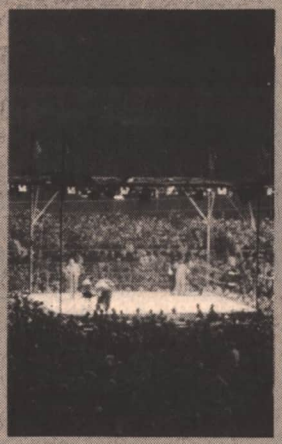
THE RING, January 1958

The Cover: Former heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey examines the heavyweight picture and decides that Texas contender Roy Harris is "my kind of fighter." Dempsey also analyzes the title hopes of Eddie Machen, Pat McMurtry, Zora Folley, and former light heavyweight champion Willie Pastrano.

The Squawking Hawk: Managing Editor Nat Loubet looks at Kid Gavilan. "Why should I give up boxing?" asks the former welterweight champion. In recent years, Gavilan has been involved in several controversial decisions. Badly faded, he would lose 17 of his last 28 bouts. He retired on September 11, 1958.



A Hot Chestnut: Fred Eisenstadt profiles New York City featherweight contender Ike Chestnut, currently rated second in *The Ring*. Chestnut has scored five straight wins over credible 126-pounders, and is nearing a title try. (As it would turn out, in 1958, Chestnut began to lose as often as he won, and a title shot never came.)



Bye-Bye Ballpark?: Is boxing forever dead at the Polo Grounds? With baseball's New York Giants having moved to San Francisco, it is feared that one of the fight game's most historic sites will be turned into a housing development. (The ballpark would remain standing for a few more years.) Among the Polo Grounds' great bouts: Louis-Conn I (pictured), in June 1941.

Fighter Of The Month: Bantamweight champion Alphonse Halimi captured universal recognition when he topped highly touted Mexican "Raton" Macias before 18,385 fans at Wrigley Field in Los Angeles. Halimi dominated, but referee Mushy Callahan scored 144-141 for Macias. Not even the Mexican fans approved of his card.

Looking Ahead

By Steve Farhood

Vinny Pazienza

PAZ HAS IT

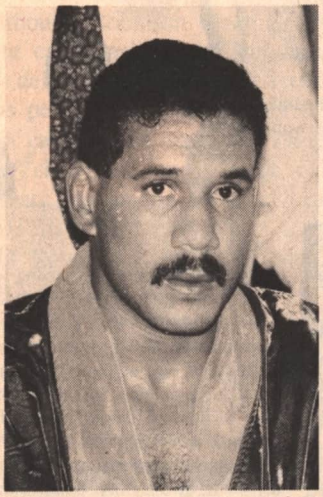
Vinny Pazienza won't go away, but since he's kind of fun, we're happy about it. Always full of surprises, "The Pazmanian Devil," formerly a 135- and 140-pounder, won the USBA junior middleweight title in July, easily outpointing Ron Amundsen. Paz scaled 154 and appeared as quick and mobile as ever.

"I'm a natural middleweight," he says.

Contrary to popular belief, Paz is aiming for a try at WBA champion Gilbert Dele, and not IBF king Gianfranco Rosi. The reason? Dele is willing to come to the devil's den in Providence, Rhode Island, while Rosi fights almost exclusively in Italy.

"I've put my neck on the line in the champ's hometown before, and I'd rather not do it again," Paz explained.

How good is France's Dele? A defense vs. Paz will provide the answer. Paz only loses to the best, and in doing so, can be counted on to bring out the best in them.



Edwin Rosario

A ROSARIO IS A ROSARIO IS A . . .

Three-time lightweight champion Edwin Rosario shocked the boxing world in June when he kayoed the heavily favored WBA junior welterweight champion Loreto Garza in three rounds. Among those seated ringside at Sacramento's Arco Arena that night was the WBA's top-rated contender, and Rosario's next opponent, Japan's Akinobu Hiranaka.

"The way to fight Rosario is with combinations," Hiranaka told the *Sacramento Bee*. "You must keep moving, but Garza was right there for the right hand."

Because Rosario's victory was perceived by many to be the result of a lucky first-round punch, the once-beaten Hiranaka will be considered a live underdog. But he's a barrel-chested puncher, not a boxer, and Rosario's chin remains one of boxing's best.

Look for Rosario to retain the title. Hiranaka, we suspect, will be right there for the right hand.

Troy Dorsey

Joey Gamache

LISTEN UP

Shame on the writers who have been advancing the myth that **Thomas Hearns** will be trying for his sixth title when he challenges WBA cruiserweight champion **Bobby Czyz**. Thus far, Hearns has won four, not five, titles, unless the writers choose to include the WBO super middleweight crown. If they recognize that organization in regard to Hearns, they have to recognize the WBO's **Ray Mercer** as a world heavyweight champion. Can't have it both ways . . . Newly crowned IBF featherweight champion **Troy Dorsey's** first defense was going to come against **Louie Espinoza** on NBC. But the network decided that it would televise no more boxing this year, so look for Dorsey to face Mexico's **Manuel Medina** instead. Too bad; Dorsey-Espinoza could have been a classic . . . Newly crowned WBA junior lightweight champion **Joey Gamache's** first defense will come against **Daniel Londas** in France. Why Londas and not top-rated **Anibal Nieves**? Because Gamache will earn $250,000 to sail the ocean blue. ■

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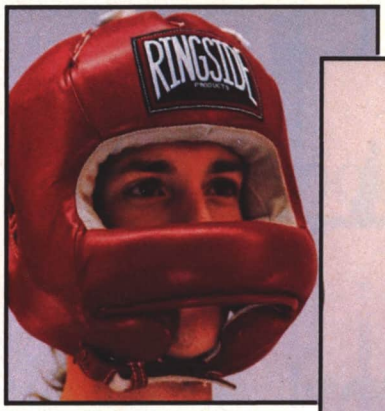

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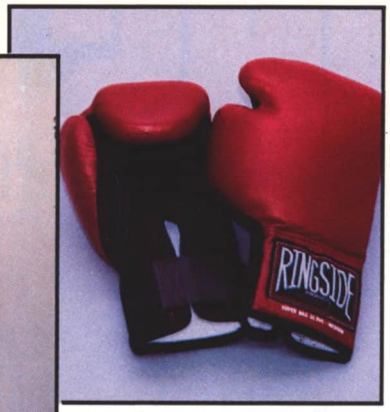

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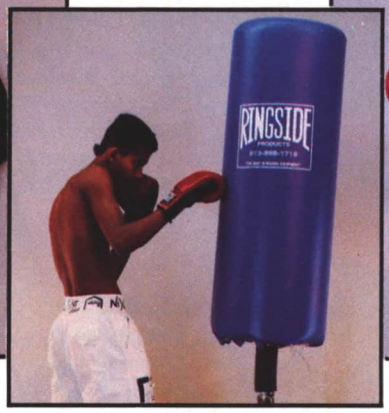

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